

PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

**THE INTERVIEW:
BILL MURRAY**

**AN AFTERNOON
WITH A DOMINATRIX**

**BARACK OBAMA'S
FINAL YEAR**

**NORTH KOREA'S
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SUBSCRIPTION SERVICES

Network Services – Magshop
Call within Australia: 136 116
Mon-Fri: 9am to 5pm EST

Printed in Australia by
Offset Alpine Printing

offsetalpine.com.au

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD

Founded March 1965 by BOB GUCCIONE
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FROM THE EDITOR

When I got back into the office over a long Christmas break, I was feeling... a little strange. I'd spent the entire holiday on a social media induced spree of random sex, all in some weird attempt to find somebody to love. In short: I spent a lot of time on Tinder.

Just in case you haven't heard of it, Tinder is an iPhone and Android app that allows you to swipe through an endless number of people who are located close by and willing to meet up with the express purpose of getting down. It's the world's pre-eminent hook-up service, where literally millions of people match, meet, and, theoretically, have sex.

It's also an incredibly depressing example of how social media has made us less connected. Try this game: install Tinder, start swiping, and say – out loud – what you're thinking while you're on the app. You quickly realise what a horrible person it turns you into. The faces staring back at you from your phone's screen begin to be stripped of their humanity, and you end up judging people, in a matter of seconds, for entirely superficial reasons.

I swiped past a girl because I didn't like the beanie she was wearing in her profile photo. Another I denied because her smile was too wide.

To be fair, I also had some fun on the app. I managed to meet up with seven women, all of whom I had varying degrees of success with. But mostly, I discovered that I'm not actually a casual-sex kind of guy. Weird.

I am, however, obsessed right now with money. That is, making as much of it as I can. It's never been a huge preoccupation of mine, but now that I'm reaching my mid-thirties, money is important. Probably because, as Al Pacino so eloquently put it, "first you get the money, then you get the power, then you get the women."

I don't know if that's true, really. But if my philandering holiday has taught me anything, it's that we live in superficial times.

Welcome to the sex and money issue of Penthouse.

LOVE BAG GIVEAWAY

For those who are wild at heart, curious and enjoying spicing up your sex life (all of you), we have a few Love Bags to give away! To go in the draw, simply tell us in 100 words or less the about your most memorable sexual encounter.

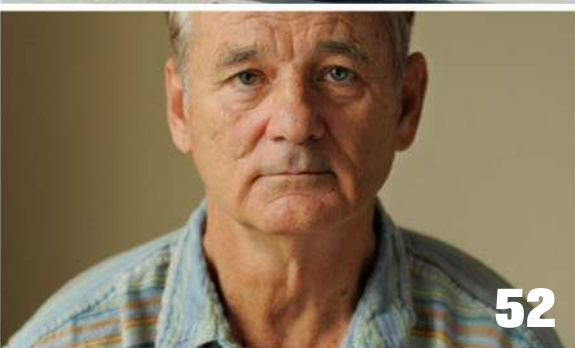
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PURE INDULGENCE



PENTHOUSE

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DO WE HAVE A
NEW PLANET?

NORTH KOREA'S
H-BOMB

THE ESSENDON
DRUGS SAGA

A photograph of Barack Obama speaking at a podium. He is wearing a white shirt and a blue tie, and is gesturing with his right hand. The background is blurred, showing other people.

THE ROAD HOME

ONCE CONSIDERED A LAME DUCK, OBAMA IS RACING TO THE FINISH LINE.



WHAT WE'VE LEARNT

FREEZE-DRIED POOP PILLS FOR WEIGHTLOSS

Quit smoking, save some cash, lose weight. If the latter is on your New Years resolution list for 2016, then we've found just the product for you! The secret to weight-loss may be as simple as ingesting some humble pills filled with freeze-dried human faeces.

According to researchers at the Massachusetts General Hospital, where the trial will begin this year, Faecal Microbiota Transplantation, or FMT, shows strong evidence to suggest that human faeces is actually quite good for the microbiome environment in our guts. In certain cases, reports have found that ingesting these poop pills have actually been more effective than antibiotics at

fighting infections that have become rooted in the digestive system.

From this came the idea of using FMT as a weight loss tool.

"FMT transfers intestinal bacteria by a 'stool transplant' from a healthy, lean person to a person with obesity," explains the researchers.

Poop donors will be carefully screened to make sure that their specimens are up to standard.

There's such a high demand currently that researchers are willing to pay you some serious cash to part with your healthy body waste.



ITALIAN WOMAN LOSES KEY TO CHASTITY BELT



You call the NRMA when you've locked yourself out of your car, and a locksmith when you've misplaced your house key and don't feel like squeezing through the bathroom window for the seventh time.

But who do you call when you can't uncrack the lock to your chastity belt?

That's exactly the situation a middle-aged Italian woman

was faced with recently when she lost the keys to a belt she'd put on to prevent herself from embarking on a sexual relationship with a friend.

The woman turned up at a fire station early in the morning explaining she needed a lock to be cracked. After a confusing back and forth with the firefighters, who thought she had locked

herself out of her home, the woman lifted up her jumper to reveal the ironclad belt securely fastened around her nether regions. "I've lost the keys to a lock and I can no longer open it," she embarrassingly told the stunned employees of the fire station in San Fidenzio. The iron lock was no match for the firefighters tools, and the woman is now free.

MALE BIRTH CONTROL AT THE FLIP OF A SWITCH

It seems male birth control might soon be a reality, and it's as simple as flipping a switch. Literally.

Clemens Bimek, a German carpenter, has crafted a male contraceptive "switch" that, with the use of a one-inch-long valve surgically implanted under the skin of the scrotum, can stop or start the flow of sperm.

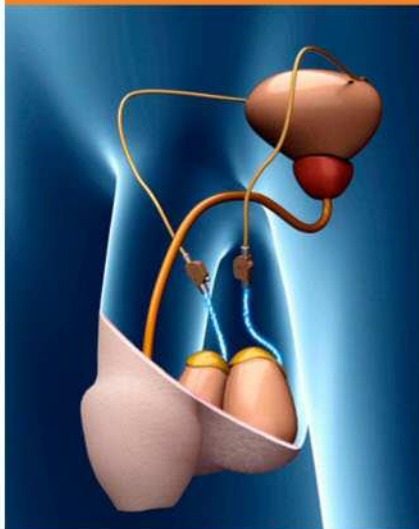
When closed, the man is essentially rendered sterile; sperm is stopped from entering the semen, though thankfully can still ejaculate as normal.

If at any point the man wishes to be a father, all he has to do is flip the scrotum switch to 'open' and he is immediately fertile again. Easy!

Bimek, who is so far the only person to have had the device called inserted, believes the revolutionary contraception could finally pass the "the burden of birth control" onto men.

The Bimek SLV could essentially render vasectomies obsolete. The operation is irreversible and a third of men who undergo the surgery wish to have it reversed.

Medical trials are due to begin later this year and, if approved, the birth control switch is expected to launch to the public in 2018



GIANT GLASS SHOE CHURCH BUILT TO ATTRACT WOMEN

What do women love more than praising Jesus Christ in the house of the Lord? Shoes, of course. This was the thought process of architects in Taiwan, who recently constructed a 16m-high glass church in the shape of a high-heeled shoe in a bid to attract more women to the faith.

The bright blue church is made out of over 320 tinted glass panels, and cost roughly T\$23 million (AUS\$993,210) to build.

"There will be 100 female-oriented features in the church like maple leaves, chairs for lovers, and biscuits and cakes," government spokesman Zheng Rongfeng says.

Because that's exactly what gets women's motor running – maple leaves.

The colossal Cinderella shoe comes with its fair share of mixed reviews. Many locals see it as being 'disrespectful', 'sexist' and 'objectifying' to women. One woman was quoted disdainfully saying, 'I wear flip flops anyway'.

For the team behind the design of the Cinderella church, the public reaction has been anything but a fairytale. ZING!

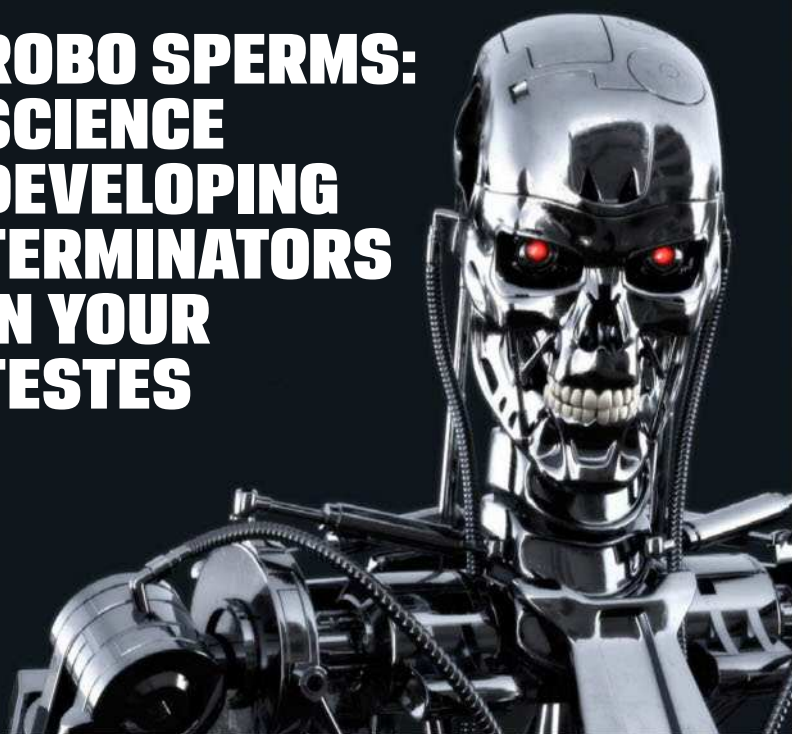
DAY CARE TEACHER CONVICTED OF MAKING A 'BABY FIGHT CLUB'

The first rule of Baby Fight Club is: You do not talk about Baby Fight Club. Obviously 31-year-old day care teacher Sarah Jordan didn't get the memo. Jordan, whose job was to look after a classroom of 1-year-old children, has faced court recently on more than a dozen charges of child abuse including intentionally tripping children, stomping on their toes, spraying them in the face with a hose and encouraging them to fight each

other in a "baby fight club".

Jordan testified Wednesday in her own defense and denied the accusations. She said she occasionally used the hose to sprinkle kids with water because the sprinkler attachment was broken, but never tried to hurt them. She has stated that she believes the accusations instead stem from workplace disputes between her and coworkers. She will be jailed pending her sentencing on May 6.

ROBO SPERMS: SCIENCE DEVELOPING TERMINATORS IN YOUR TESTES

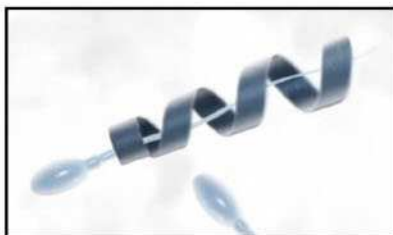


Infertile? Well, potentially not any more. A team in Germany has found a way to strap your sperm into a virtual mech-suit, propelling them along and perhaps solving one of the most common causes of infertility in men.

Welcome to the future.

The tail of the sperm is enveloped in a metal helix, which is made to rotate via a magnetic field controlled by the scientists. In experiments conducted in a petri dish with bull sperm, the robotic enhancement thrusts its host toward its target, and then once embedded in the egg is removed by reversing its action to corkscrew to its release.

This technique for artificial insemination would greatly reduce the cost factor associated with IVF, in which fertilisation occurs outside the body.



With this new technique the entire process would take place inside the body with your tiny motorised boys doing all the work.

The 'metal-coated polymer microhelices' are just 50 microns long, 5-8 microns in diameter and made from iron and titanium nanoparticles, New Scientist has reported. To give you some perspective, 1,000 microns makes up just one millimetre.



9 YEAR OLD PERMANENTLY BRANDED WITH THE SHAPE OF HER IPHONE 5C

A 9 year old girl became the inadvertent and permanent poster child for Apple inc. recently, when she received a severe chemical burn whilst sleeping with her iPhone 5c in her pocket.

The phone's case, which leaked onto her leg as she slept, contained – ofcourse – acid. Sporting a see-thru cover with rainbows and unicorns, and containing a magical mixture of glitter in a medium of acid, this case was retailed by the 'high street fashion' retailer New Look in Cambridge.

For only £5.99, the case, designed for protecting an iPhone from wear and tear, although it clearly didn't do a great job at protecting its owner from third-degree burns.

The case was examined closely after the incident, but no obvious exit for the burning agent was apparent. The mechanism is still a mystery and probably patent protected by designers of the product.

New Look has stated that it has since recalled the excessively potent product from its shelves.

ALLEGED PEDOPHILE TOO FAT TO GET INTO COURT

A court hearing was abandoned last week in Bristol because the defendant, accused of pedophilia, was too fat to get up the stairs. 74-year-old Douglas Slade, accused of eight sex offences during the 70's and 80s, was too overweight to climb the stairs to the fourth-floor courtroom his trial was taking place in.

The next option was to use the elevator from the cells, but it was broken.

When Judge Mark Horton asked why the defendant could not be brought up to the courtroom using another lift, he was told it was against the rules.

"In line with our operating procedures, the defendant could not use the public lift – the safety of the general public, our officers and the defendant is the priority for GEOAmey," said a spokesperson.

Slade's hearing has been postponed until February – or until he can lose enough weight to walk up stairs.



STAR LOCATED JUST 1,500 LIGHT-YEARS AWAY IS YIELDING SOME INTERESTING INFORMATION

KIC8462852, as the star is affectionately known, has been fluctuating in brightness by up to 20%. What makes it particularly interesting is that it fluctuates at random intervals, not consistent with any plausible theory we currently have, outside of, well, aliens.

Planets, for example, would have a regular pattern, obscuring the light as they pass between us and the star during a phase of their orbit.

Another theory suggested that it may be comets, but as reported by *New Scientist*, Bradely Shaefer of Louisiana State University is not so sure. He has analysed over 1,200 reports on the fluctuations in KIC8462852 brightness from 1890 through 1989 and concluded that the "century-long dimming trend requires an estimated 648,000 giant comets (each with 200 km diameter) all orchestrated to pass in front of the star within the last century". This is "completely implausible", he stated.

While alternative natural explanations have been suggested, such as planets with elliptical orbits obscuring an oblate (irregularly shaped) star (...yeah, right), the Dyson Sphere is the favoured explanation as far as alien mega-structures are concerned.

The hypothetical structure was first described by Olaf Stapledon in his science fiction novel, *Star Maker* (1937), and was later expanded on by Freeman Dyson in his 1960 paper, *Search for Artificial Stellar Sources of Infrared Radiation*. It is essentially a massive solar panel, or series of radiation absorbing panels, that enclose or orbit a star, capturing as much of its energy as possible.

SARCASM IS LOST ON THE OLD, NEW RESEARCH FINDS

A new study conducted by researchers at the University of Aberdeen has found that the ability of the elderly to detect sarcasm excruciatingly bad. So bad that it can often result in the breaking down, and in some cases, the severing of relationships, familial and friendly.

As we all know, the nuanced use of sarcasm (the 'lowest' and most salient form of wit) is necessary for any typical social encounter with a fellow human being that goes beyond a robotic relaying of facts and numbers. We use sarcasm as a way of social testing, to break the ice and to allow gentle jibes to break down tensions and insecurities with a little humour. Unfortunately, as results are showing, for people above the age of 65 we may actually just have to tell you outright how flatulent you have become, or, appropriately, how boring you are.

The use of sarcasm, closely associated with the higher functioning of the social processing centres of the brain, is decoded depending on the context, the speaker's tone of voice, and facial expression. It's a lot to take in, and, as a study conducted by Harvard has resolved, is akin to 'mental gymnastics'. Imagine a 70 year old doing gymnastics. Yeah, it's the same thing.





GOURMET DOG FOOD STILL NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR PENSIONERS

A charity in Osnabrück, Germany has 'accidentally' fed a group of senior citizens on New Years Eve dog food when it failed to read the fine print on the top of the jar. The design on the jar label branded the meal as 'meat dish in a glass' and 'from the land', with a drawing of a bucolic scene, including a cow, sheep,

and chicken, but no dogs. It was only in small lettering on the top of the jar that it was mentioned that it contained 'gourmet food for animals'. Technically, we humans are animals, but whether this was an accident, or there were nefarious intentions at work, the Osnabrücker Tafel charity claims that "at least [only] one pensioner ate the dog

food without realising what it actually was." Another pensioner heated it up but was 'repulsed' by the smell, it is claimed.

"We are extremely sorry about the mix-up", stated OTC. "Due to this incident, we will advise all stations within our operations to in the future go over and check groceries more carefully."

POO PATROL: DOGGONE IT, THAT DIRTY DOG POO NEEDS TO GO!

Forensic science is now not only the realm of triple homicide murders and Ice-T in Law and Order: SVU. If you're one of those criminal bastards who is too lazy, or too superior, or has a bad back and doesn't watch enough Danos Direct to know that there is such thing as a Pooper Scooper 3000, then you may find yourself on the wrong end of the law.

Alresford in Essex, England, is perhaps the first parish council in the country to consider beginning DNA testing doggy doo-dos to aid in the bringing of the offender to account for their licentious lack of regard for the common principle that no one wants to be surrounded by shit.

A sample of the poo will be taken and matched with a swab of the pet in question. Tests are set to cost around £120 each (about AUD\$250) which would then be charged to the offending owner. Alresford is following the suit of Barking and Dagenham in East London who are rolling out the project, set to take effect in September 2016. The town hall of Barking and Dagenham spends £2.3 million annually (AUD\$4.75 million) cleaning up canine excrement, and, similarly to Alresford, has a dedicated dog warden for attending to matters of dogs and their affairs.





NEW PLANET FOUND IN OUR SOLAR SYSTEM... AND IT'S ENORMOUS

In a clear-cut case of “guys, how the hell didn’t you find this earlier”, scientists may have discovered a planet over twenty times the size of earth lurking about in the outskirts of the solar system.

Scientists (we’re going to assume they were astronomers, ‘cause it’d be weird if they were geologists or medical researchers) made the discovery when observing a cluster of objects behaving rather strangely beyond Pluto – you know, that guy who got demoted a while back.

Put simply, a grouping of asteroids and giant rocks were behaving in a way that could only be explained by the

existence of a giant planet. Nicknamed Planet Nine (original, guys), it moves in an elongated orbit and takes up to 20,000 years to swing once around the sun.

To be fair, Planet Nine has yet to be observed, and unless you’ve got yourself access to an absolutely kick-ass telescope (so far, the two best telescopes on Earth are yet to view it), you’re going to have trouble finding it: the damn things is twenty times further away from Earth than Pluto.

The Planet is, thus far, theoretical, but the computer modelling and mathematics done to study its existence are pretty rock solid.

GET THE PICTURE

SLUMS OF MUMBAI

Photograph by Rachela Nardella

Punch “slums of Mumbai” into Google Maps and it actually locates the exact place for you. The first thing you notice – and this is going to sound really white-person-touristy – is the smell. The 45 degree heat, the pollution and the rubbish laying around pretty much everywhere probably has something to do with it.

When I first arrived I immediately thought of all those photographs and videos I've seen asking me to help poor children in India. Seeing it for real and looking into these kids' faces brings home the reality of the situation. There are communities all over the slums that Vision Rescue Australia do their best to help. In this particular place, the group makes enough meals for 1500 kids every morning. The kids in this photo are lining up for food, which is being handed out in the bus. The vehicle doubles as a classroom where teachers help the children with a basic education they don't otherwise have access to.

Most of these kids were really happy and playful. They loved being in front of the camera and showing off for me.

And now, here I am, back in Australia, putting them in a magazine.  visionrescue.org.in







CRUSH

KILO KISH

Kilo Kish is an American vocalist and rapper whose style we really, really dig (along with a million Tumblr kids). She started putting tunes out in 2011, at the tender age of 21, and has since been signed to Kitsune, the French record label and fashion house. Her earlier EPs and mixtapes saw her collaborate with rappers and producers such as Childish Gambino, The Internet, SBTRKT, Chet Faker and A\$AP Ferg. Teasing spoken word laid over broken spacey beats make her tunes perfect for lying on the couch scrolling through your ex's Instagram account. What? Did I just say that? 

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COMING HOME STRONG

HIS PRESIDENCY HAS BEEN VIEWED AS ONE OF CREEPING, SMALL SUCCESSES IN THE FACE OF ENORMOUS PROBLEMS, BUT IN HIS FINAL YEAR IN OFFICE, BARACK OBAMA IS RACING TO THE FINISH LINE.

It's always difficult to judge a President during his term in office (and by the way, using the word *his* is entirely appropriate in this context; Americans have yet to elect a female, although it looks like that might change this year).

George W. Bush's presidency was widely acknowledged as a catastrophe, leaving the good 'ole USA morally and economically bankrupt, but you'd have to admit that during his heyday, Dubya was one of the most powerful Presidents of modern times, passing legislation with an ease that his successor has found all but impossible.

Bill Clinton was deeply unpopular during the end of his time in office, but history has treated the womanising boy from Arkansas kindly. If he were running for office today, he would win in a heartbeat – although after several rounds of surgery, his heartbeat might not survive the rigors of an election campaign.

It takes several years of consideration to properly assess a President's legacy, so Barack Obama, who has just entered his

Which was why it came as such a surprise when Obama, flanked by families affected by gun violence, announced during an emotional press conference a group of executive actions aimed at stopping Americans shooting each other.

Obama's use of executive actions signals a new, steelier resolve in the face of a United States Congress that has been acting like a petulant little child since his inauguration. The actions simply bypass the legislative branch, and ensure more thorough background checks, incentivise local law enforcement to better enforce existing laws, increase mental health treatment and put money behind technological solutions to gun safety.

"If we can set it up so you can't unlock your phone unless you've got the right finger print, why can't we do the same thing for guns?" Obama asked.

Bold action on gun control wasn't the only thing Obama got done in late 2015. The year was, without doubt, his most successful in office, seeing through deals on trade, climate, Iran's nuclear

OBAMA'S USE OF EXECUTIVE ACTIONS SIGNALS A STEELIER RESOLVE IN THE FACE OF THE PETULANT CHILD THAT IS THE US CONGRESS

final year in office, cannot yet be judged a failure or success.

But after presiding over a nation more divided than at any time since the Vietnam War, Obama is certainly doing his best to race towards the finish line.

Take his recent executive action on gun control.

Despite some of the most horrific mass shootings in American history occurring on his watch, Obama had, up until recently, failed to do all that much when it came to preventing America's legion of psychopathic loners getting their hands on fully automatic weapons and shooting the hell out of a bunch of innocent people. In the wake of the 2012 Sandy Hook massacre, in which 20-year-old Adam Lanza shot 20 primary school children and six of their teachers, Obama's attempt to convince congress to pass gun-control legislation fell at the feet of the NRA's lobbying efforts.

It seemed that the President's attempts at overcoming second-amendment fundamentalists would be doomed to failure.

program, seeing same-sex marriage legalised and, in a move that overcame decades of animosity, ending America's ridiculous embargo on Cuba.

He's intent on seeing that momentum through until his last day in office.

"I plan on doing everything I can with every minute of every day that I have left as President to deliver," he said.

"Since taking this office, I've never been more optimistic about a year ahead than I am right now. And in 2016, I'm going to leave it out all on the field.

Perhaps the most important thing for Obama's legacy, however, is ensuring his Democrats take office beyond 2016. With Hillary Clinton the rampaging favourite, and a Republican party in a Donald Trump-inspired state of complete disarray, the job shouldn't be too difficult – but as Obama himself proved in 2008, election season is always full of surprises. 



THE ESSENDON DRUGS SAGA EXPLAINED

WITH VARIOUS PLAYERS, ADMINISTRATORS, EX-COACHES AND SPORTS SCIENTISTS TELLING COMPLETELY DIFFERENT STORIES, IT'S HARD TO WRAP YOUR HEAD AROUND THE ESSENDON DUGS SCANDAL. ROB SCOTT DOES HIS BEST.

Talk about getting rubbed out for an entire season. With the news that a whopping thirty-four former and current Essendon players have copped 12-month bans for doping, everyone is hoping that the long and drawn out saga of the Essendon football club's performance enhancing drugs controversy has been finally put to rest.

The most recent finding by the Court for Arbitration in Sport (CAS) puts to a stop any hopes that Essendon's players might get away with a slap on the wrist. The Court overturned ASADA's not guilty verdict and found that it was comfortably satisfied that Essendon's players had been injected with Thymosin beta-4, a substance banned by the World Anti-Doping Agency (WADA). CAS's findings are final, with absolutely no avenue for appeal.

In short, Essendon is completely, utterly screwed.

So, just how did the Bombers, a member of the AFL's "Big Four" clubs (the others being Richmond, Collingwood and Carlton), find themselves in such a horrible position?

You can trace this disaster back to Essendon's hiring of their coaching dream team. In late 2010, favourite son James Hird

Ziggy Switowski all formed the view that the club's program, at the very least lacked proper oversight, and that at the worst was illegal.

It didn't take long for suspicions to be aroused. Essendon's 2011 and 2012 seasons were characterised by blistering starts, with the club launching themselves quickly into premiership contention. Both seasons ended with a dramatic series of injuries and poor form characterised by players who seemed exhausted.

In 2013, seemingly out of nowhere, the club self-reported to the AFL and ASADA: it essentially admitted that it may have been giving players illegal substances. Essendon's motto for 2013, "Whatever it Takes", seemed entirely appropriate.

The next two years saw a series of legal skirmishes around what transpired at the club. With Hird, Thompson and Robertson refusing to admit the supplements program used illegal substances and just about everybody else insisting that Essendon's players were illegally doped. Even the Victorian WorkCover authority announced that it had launched an investigation into the club's practises. Despite being found

THE DECISION HAS PUT A MASSIVE HOLE IN ESSENDON'S 2016 PLAYER ROSTER; 12 OF THOSE BANNED ARE STILL PLAYING FOR THE CLUB

was named as the club's new coach, signing a four year deal. He brought with him dual premiership Geelong coach and former Essendon captain Mark "Bomber" Thompson and high-performance coach Dean Robertson. At Robertson's suggestion, Essendon hired sports scientist Stephen Dank.

Hird almost immediately became convinced that a supplements program would assist players in both recovery and performance, and handed over supervision of the program to both Dank and club doctor Bruce Reid.

Robertson, Dank and their team then began a supplements program that walked a very fine line between legal sports science and drug-cheating. Whilst Hird himself has been consistent in his assertions that the program was legal – "From my perspective, it had sound logic, important goals, the structure was right and the protocol for decision making and player welfare had integrity," he wrote – the now ex-coach is almost completely alone on that one: The Australian Crime Commission, the AFL, the Australian Sports Anti Doping Authority (ASADA) and even Essendon's own independent investigator, former Telstra boss

not guilty by the AFL's Anti-Doping Tribunal, due primarily to a complete lack of evidence either proving or disproving the allegations against the club, WADA decided to take the issue to the Court of Arbitration for Sport, which in January this year handed the 12 month bans to 34 players.

The decision has put a massive hole in Essendon's 2016 player roster; 12 of those banned are still playing for the club. Two key recruits for Port Adelaide, Paddy Ryder and Angus Monfries, have also copped bans.

The damage the saga has done to Essendon's long term reputation, however, is probably going to last a little longer. You've got to feel sorry for club captain Jobe Watson, whose 2012 Brownlow medal is now under investigation.

The entire team has been found guilty of a massive and systematic doping operation. Corporate sponsorships and club memberships, the life-blood of any AFL club, are sure to be diminished, and every heckling supporter of an opposing team now has plenty of ammo to yell about cheating from the sidelines.

'Whatever it takes', indeed. 



TECH

STEPHEN HAWKING SAYS WE'RE ALL DOOMED

The world's best known Siri beta tester and acclaimed theoretical physicist Stephen Hawking has declared the chances of humanity surviving the next thousand years on Earth to be a depressing zero. Hawking believes the best chance of making it out alive is establishing outposts in space, but has warned time is running out.

"We will not establish self-sustaining colonies in space for at least the next hundred years, so we have to be very careful in this period," the award winning scientist said.

Hawking said the most dangerous threats to humanity will be man-made – advances in science and technology, as well as nuclear weapons and genetically engineered viruses, form the basis of his doomsday scenarios.

"We are not going to stop making progress, so we must recognise the dangers and control them."

Hawking isn't the only expert who sees a dangerous future coming our way. In a series of talks late in 2015, Elon Musk, founder and CEO of Tesla, and a number of other

"WE ARE NOT GOING TO STOP MAKING PROGRESS, SO WE MUST RECOGNISE THE DANGERS AND CONTROL THEM."

tech billionaires, put \$1 billion behind a non-profit research company, OpenAI, aimed at advancing Artificial Intelligence that will benefit humanity.

Musk described AI as the "biggest existential threat" to humanity, but, like Hawking, sees advances in technology to be inevitable.

"It's definitely going to happen, so if it's going to happen, what's the best way for it to happen?"

"I think we should be very careful. I'm increasingly inclined to think that there should be some sort of regulatory oversight, maybe at the national and international level, just to make sure we don't do something very foolish."

"With artificial intelligence we are summoning the demon. In all those stories where there's a guy with a pentagram and holy water, it's like – yeah, he's sure he can control the demon. Doesn't work out." 



NETFLIX DOESN'T CARE ABOUT VPN USERS

Unless you're a hermit living in the Australian outback due to some outstanding warrants, you've probably heard of Netflix. The video-streaming service has gone from strength to strength since launching in Australia last year, dominating rivals Stan, Presto and Foxtel Play like Nelson Muntz at a school for special kids.

Trouble is, the selection of films available to Australian subscribers is, well, a little lacking. Of course, an enormous number of us have managed to find a workaround by installing various VPN and DNS obfuscators, little plugins for your browser that allow you to pretend you're in the United States (or Bulgaria, or wherever) and gain access to Netflix's full international library of films and television programmes.

It's almost comically easy to install

these plugins. Personally, I use one called Hola VPN. No lie, it takes literally two clicks to install in my Chrome browser.

Netflix, for the most part, doesn't care about the millions of people who cheat their way into the US version of the site. It just wants those sweet, sweet subscribers. But the company has to at least *appear* to be doing the right thing, so recently announced a geo-blocking crackdown that has been described by experts as "doomed to fail" and "a half-hearted attempt" and that seems, on the surface, to have been purposely designed to be easy to work around.

The effort is almost certainly a token one, made to appease the likes of Foxtel, who have been screaming bloody murder at Netflix going easy on Australian users' access to the US library. That library

RUPERT ON TWITTER

Rupert Murdoch, a man whose media empire is under threat from the internet, regularly tweets about the issue. He's also just plain amazing to follow on twitter, constantly wading in on a variety of topics with all the nuance of a drunk uncle at Christmas dinner.

just so happens to feature a number of titles that Foxtel has paid top dollar to broadcast exclusively in Australia.

Over the next year or so, Netflix plans to launch worldwide, and history suggests that geo-dodging services catch up very quickly to any attempts at blocking their products. Hola VPN stopped working on Netflix about six months ago, but was back up in literally 24 hours.

Sorry, Rupert. ☹️





FILM

ZOMBIE NATION

Kiah Rouche Turner is the director and driving force behind *Wyrmswood*, a no-budget post apocalyptic Aussie zombie film. Which is just about the most awesome description for a movie I can think of. For the short timewe were on set we saw a man set on fire and a lot – A LOT – of blood. And swearing. And guns. Pretty much what you need to make a great bit of indie cinema.

But while the ideas behind the film are awesome – who doesn't enjoy seeing insane shit like that on a screen? – what's more of an amazing story is how the filmmakers have managed to pull this off.

With a whole lot of balls, crazy dedication and a spirit of volunteerism that would make the Red Cross a tiny bit green, Kiah

and his crew made the kind of film that the digital revolution has been promising but has yet to deliver – a genuinely fun, well made piece of cinema done with basically zero dollars by total unknowns. Their stuff was so impressive they raised thirty-seven grand (not as much as it sounds when you're financing a film) on IndieGogo.

"We were blown away by the support we got," he told *Penthouse*. The Director was adamant that funding the film independently would allow him to keep the creative control he so cherished.

"Ricky Gervais said the reason *The Office* was so successful was because he didn't give a shit about what others wanted, and the same thing with Louis CK's show *Louie* – it was all about having control and doing what they wanted. I want

WHAT IS GOING ON HERE?

Wyrmswood features a uniquely Australian take on the Zombie genre. There's also this balls-out crazy take on the mad scientist, in which a fella with a broad Australian accent drives around a truck, conducting various experiments on those infected with the strange virus. *Mental.*

complete and utter control of this project, so if it goes bad it's my fault, and if it goes really well I know I'm on the right path..."

The film certainly went bad – although in a balls-out brilliant way. *Wyrmswood* tells the story of an unexplained zombie virus spreading quickly throughout rural Australia, and is as funny as it is scary.

The film failed to find any friends in all the normal places – a large number of Aussie films rely on government funding and an almost comically nepotistic industry.

Wyrmswood did it all alone, with fans eventually petitioning cinemas to show the film on the big screen.

It even, for a while, became the most illegally downloaded film on the internet.

High praise indeed. 



OZ BAND RELEASES AMAZING "DOCUMENTARY"

There's no phrase that I hate more than 'un-put-downable' but if the new web series *These New South Whales* was a book, that unfortunate word would be the only way to describe it.

Jamie, Todd, Luke and Will are These New South Whales; a band known for shedding their shirts and taping up their nipples with black gaff before going on stage all like "it's like forty bucks a roll, so....we go through that a fair bit."

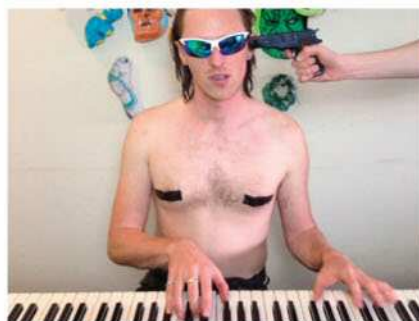
They've come down from Newcastle to Sydney seeking fame, (but not fortune; they're too punk for profit).

The six-part series follows the everyday adventures of being in a band, from scoring a pre-gig fifty from their creepy weed dealer to fighting with their creative director, Brian Mott; a man who designs websites in Microsoft Paint and insists on being paid only in Pinot Noir.

Their music is punchy too, a raucously ocker sound and undeniably punk, whatever that means these days. To be honest, I watched the whole series on my phone, which remained un-put-down for all six episodes.

And in the quiet moments I found myself chanting their theme song/hype track; a catchy, distorted loop of the band's name being shouted. (It's really good)

JAMIE, TODD, LUKE AND WILL ARE THESE NEW SOUTH WALES: A BAND KNOWN FOR SHEDDING THEIR SHIRTS AND TAPING THEIR NIPPLES WITH BLACK GAFF BEFORE GOING ABSOLUTELY MENTAL ON STAGE. "TONIGHT JAMIE COULD TAKE A ST ON STAGE... AND I WOULDN'T REALLY BE THAT SURPRISED," SAYS GUITARIST TODD.**



It's fitting; this is a story of a band that's living their dream, and really committing to a life of gigs and touring – four friends on stage. Jamie, the cheerfully frenetic frontman, alternates between 'fuck you' punk affectation and dad-joke sincerity, but on stage he's all business.

Todd, the guitarist, is used to the trials of performing; "...like tonight Jamie could do a shit on stage, I wouldn't be that surprised. He could do a shit on me, who cares? Just brush it off, play a riff."

Think GG Allin meets Flight of The Conchords.

They're all hometown friends, but like in all good band stories, there's a tension between the boys. After one particularly galling moment, Will, the bassist, storms out, and Luke, the ever-hopeful drummer, cheerfully describes Jamie's questionable creative decisions: "We followed our captain into battle, and um, unfortunately we got both our legs blown off..." the smile fading from his face like the head of foam from a warm beer.

So if you've got a couple of hours and nothing to put down, check out *These New South Whales*.

It's a damn fine (R/M)ockumentary; five out of five rolls of Nipple Tape. Might even describe it as un-put-downable. 

MORE THAN JUST NOSTALGIA: THREE OF THE BEST TITLES FROM THE GOLDEN AGE OF GAMING

When I was a kid I'd turn on the TV late at night and watch 'classic' films on the ABC. One night, Kubrick's *Dr. Strangelove* was playing, and I had a stunning realisation: people from the past can actually be as smart as people from the present.

From there I was hooked. I fell in love with the Golden Age of cinema. But I didn't realise I was also experiencing the Golden Age of another medium: video games.

The computer games of the 90's were a lot like old cinema, beautifully created with incredible art direction, and often very intelligent, in an old fashioned kind of way.

People usually think of colourful Nintendo style platformers like *Super Mario*, or grim, simple first person shooters like *Doom*, but there was much more to it than that.

Broderbund's gorgeous, hand-drawn swords-and-sandals adventure *Prince of Persia* is the video game equivalent of *Lawrence of Arabia*, and Blizzard Entertainment's gorgeous isometric horror bloodfest *Diablo* is still as scary as the *Exorcist*. There are hundreds of examples but I've picked just three from 1997.

The Last Express, by Broderbund, sounds pretty strange compared to modern games.

The game is a cerebral murder mystery set on the *Orient Express*. Players take the role of an American doctor wanted by French police, who stows away aboard the train to meet a friend, only to discover him brutally murdered in his carriage.

With multiple endings, an astonishingly good script with an incredible attention to historic detail and brilliant voice acting, this game is still one of the smartest pieces of fiction ever produced in any medium.

Harry The Handsome Executive, by Ambrosia Software, is one of the weirdest games I've ever played. A top down 'office adventure' simulator, the game puts you in the shoes of Harry, a swivel chair bound



DEALING WITH THEMES OF ENVIRONMENTALISM, RACISM AND CLASS WARFARE, ABE'S ODDYSEE WAS A GAME THAT INTRODUCED PLAYERS TO THE IDEA OF MORAL CHOICE



executive at ScumCo. You stay in a swivel chair for the entire game and can move by inching slowly forward or by quickly back-kicking yourself off obstacles.

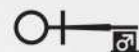
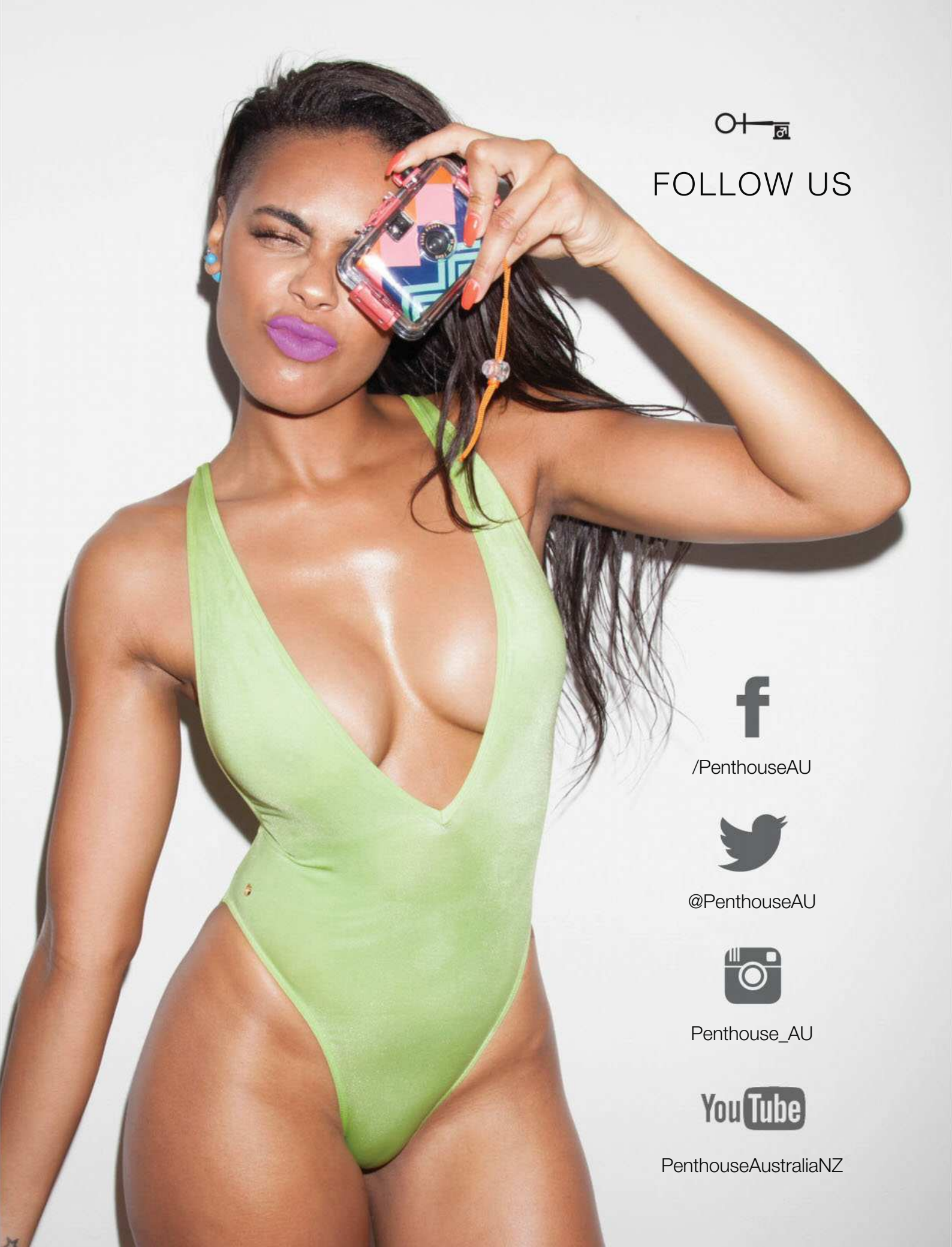
At first the player goes around the office completing mundane tasks, but Harry quickly learns that ScumCo's robotic customer service-and-PR robot staff have rebelled against their "anti-people, anti-proletariat, anti-robot oppressors" and steps forward as the company's champion.

A shareware game created for the Macintosh, this one is going to be pretty difficult to get your hands on unless you've got an old Mac running Mac OS 9.

If *Prince of Persia* is the video game equivalent of *Lawrence of Arabia*, then *Abe's Oddysee*, by *Oddworld Inhabitants*, is like *E.T.*, *Star Wars* and *The Dark Crystal* rolled into one. A side-scrolling adventure platformer, the game thrusts players into the role of Abe, a slave creature who works at *RuptureFarms*, "the largest meat processing plant on *Oddworld*."

Dealing strongly with themes of environmentalism, racism and class warfare, *Abe's Oddysee* was a game that introduced players to the idea of moral choice – save your friends, leave them to die or kill them for your own amusement – and had a world so richly realised and inhabited that it sticks with you for life.

Also, you could possess your enemies and make them walk into meat-grinders, which, despite all of *Orson Welles'* Golden Age genius, is a lot more than can be said of *Citizen Kane*. 



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A woman with long, wavy brown hair is shown from the chest up, wearing a black halter-neck bikini top. She is drinking from a clear plastic water bottle and has her head tilted back. Her hair is blowing in the wind. In the background, a beach scene is visible with other people sitting on the sand under a clear blue sky.

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MAKING SENSE OF NORTH KOREA AND NUCLEAR WEAPONS

NORTH KOREA KEEPS THREATENING WORLD STABILITY BY
TESTING NUKES. HERE'S WHY

North Korea conducted what has been claimed as its first test of a Hydrogen Bomb on January 6th of this year, prompting widespread condemnation from a bunch of countries who already have nukes and *really* don't want anyone else to have them.

Especially a nation governed by a fat psychopath like Kim Jong-Un.

The nation has previously conducted nuclear tests with the less powerful fission bomb – the same type that destroyed Hiroshima in 1945 – but an H-Bomb is a step up, a weapon many times more powerful.

However third-party experts, as well as officials and agencies in South Korea, doubted North Korea's claims and contend that the device was more likely to have been a boosted fission weapon. Such weapons use hydrogen fusion to produce smaller, lighter warheads suitable for arming a delivery device such as a missile, rather than to attain

the destructive power of a true hydrogen bomb.

The North Korean government described the test as a "complete success" and characterized it as an act of self-defense against the United States.

North Korean media claimed that the bomb existed the month before the test was carried out, although this had gone almost completely unreported before the test.

The Korean Central Television (KCTV), clearly reading from a statement that had not been properly edited for grammar, announced that "the U.S. has gathered forces hostile to [North Korea] and raised a slanderous human rights issue to hinder improvement. It is [therefore] just to have [an] H-bomb as self-defense against the U.S. having numerous and humongous nuclear weapons. [North Korea's] fate must not be protected by any forces but itself".

Yes, you read that correctly. North

Korea stated television used the word "humungous" in a statement.

The Korean Central News Agency (KCNA) further stated that "The H-bomb test conducted was a measure for self-defence to thoroughly protect the sovereignty of the country and vital rights of the nation from the daily-growing nuclear threat and blackmail by the hostile forces, and reliably guarantee peace on the Korean Peninsula and security of the region... The Saddam Hussein regime in Iraq and the Gaddafi regime in Libya could not escape the fate of destruction after being deprived of their foundations for nuclear development and giving up nuclear programs of their own accord, yielding to the pressure of the US."

These guys don't need a nuke. They need access to a full stop when they're writing out statements.

The regime said that the programme will be abandoned only if "the US rolls back its outrageous hostile policy toward the DPRK and imperialist aggression forces



give up their infringement upon sovereignty by use of force in the international arena.”

Calculating exactly how large the explosion was has proven difficult.

Won-Young Kim at the Lamont–Doherty Earth Observatory explained it “was more powerful than North Korea’s previous nuclear test” and added that it is difficult to quantify “the exact size of North Korea’s nuclear detonations because the depth of the explosive device, properties of the rock surrounding the explosion and other factors influence the seismic measurements produced”, and because North Korea does not publicize the depth of its tests.

Just why North Korea continues in its desire to cause as much trouble has a whole lot to do with a national inferiority complex of epic proportions.

“Let the world look up to the strong, self-reliant nuclear armed state,” Kim Jong-Un said in a hand-written statement.

“With the perfect success of our historic H-bomb, we have joined the rank of

advanced nuclear states.

“The latest test, completely based on our technology and our manpower, confirmed that our newly-developed technological resources are accurate and scientifically demonstrated the impact of our miniaturised H-bomb.”

KIM’S REGIME HAS LONG BEEN considered the most dangerous on Earth, and seems to take a peculiar pride in pissing the United States, as well as the rest of the civilised world, off as much as possible.

In 2006, the nation announced that it would no longer recognise the Treaty on the Non-Proliferation of Nuclear Weapons, and in 2006 the current leader’s father, Kim Jong Il, announced North Korea’s first nuclear test.

The explosion was estimated to be less than a kiloton – child’s play when it comes to nukes, but large enough to cause a fair amount of international consternation.

A second test was conducted in 2009, resulting in a seven kiloton explosion. International Atomic Energy director Mohamad ElBaradei confirmed that the test made North Korea a “fully fledged nuclear power”.

Another test was conducted in 2013, which was estimated at up to 40 kilotons – the hermit kingdom is clearly getting better at building nukes.

The regime is often dismissed as being totally insane, and its secretive nature – media is only very rarely allowed into the country, unless accompanied by Dennis Rodman (Google “Dennis Rodman North Korea” for a good laugh) – doesn’t help.

TO A LARGE EXTENT, ITS PROGRAM makes a certain kind of sense. Those in power want to stay there, and with a world that is almost wholly hostile, North Korea needs something to keep the threat of regime change at bay. Could you imagine the US invading Iraq, or Afghanistan,



or bombing Libya, if those nations had themselves some sweet, sweet nuclear weapons? Thought not.

In 2003, then Libyan dictator Moammar Gadhafi announced that his country would be giving up its aspirations for nuclear weapons – in fact, Gadhafi gave up his entire arsenal, chemical and biological weapons included.

In exchange, Libya recieved a thaw in relations with the United States and decades of diplomatic isolation came to an end.

That lasted all of seven years. During the Arab Spring, when Libya's citizens began to protest against Gadhafi's dictatorship, the United States completely abandoned him, encouraging the uprising and eventually providing military support to rebels by establishing a no-fly zone.

Not long afterwards, Gadhafi found himself being literally torn to shreds by an angry mob.

While his nuclear weapons program may have posed only a small threat to the United

WITHOUT NUKES AT HIS DISPOSAL, GADHAFI SOON FOUND HIMSELF BEING LITERALLY RIPPED TO SHREDS BY AN ANGRY MOB



States and its allies, there's no doubt that it provided significant symbolic cover.

It's hard to imagine the US helping out Libyan rebels to such a large extent if the long-time dictator had nukes at his disposal.

The same is almost certainly true of Saddam Hussein. In fact, the very premise of the war against Iraq was that if Saddam aquired weapons of mass destruction, he'd be almost impossible to get rid off – may as well do it now.

There's no doubt that part of the US's reluctance to fully engage in Syria was because of the Assad regime's possession of a large arsenal of chemical weapons.

The fact is that, despite Western promises of help in the event that North Korea gives up its nukes and entered into a peaceful relationship with the rest of the world, Kim Jong Un and the ruling elite are safer with the bomb than without it. And that ledger is not about to change. We might just have to accept living with a nuclear armed North Korea. ☐



IN DEFENCE OF NUCLEAR WEAPONS

WHEN EVERYONE CAN BLOW EVERYONE ELSE TO SMITHEREENS, PERHAPS
NUKES AREN'T SO BAD AFTER ALL.

Imagine if someone invited you to their home – for dinner, say – and then stuck you in the cellar. Imagine if the only other people they allowed into the cellar to break bread and sip booze with you were people who looked and sounded just like you: people of your race, religion, sex.

You'd think that was pretty rude, right? More than rude: a bit racist, segregationist. Surely the whole point of having people over is to facilitate mingling, a coming-together of folks whose paths would otherwise remain uncrossed.

Well, this screwed-up dinner-party scenario perfectly describes your average progressive's attitude to migrants.

Those of a leftish persuasion pose as the most welcoming, pro-migrant people. Yet they're also the most vocal cheerleaders of the divisive politics of identity, which preaches that the idea of shared national values is naff, if not a little fascistic, and we should just leave ethnic groups to their own devices.

They say to migrants, "Come in!", but it's a flimsy welcome: they then push them away. "Don't actually try to join our society, because it's rubbish and racist and won't treat you well." They call them to our home, then plonk them in the cellar.

This welcoming of migrants while telling them our societies are rotten and rude is not only cruel – it's dangerous. Following the barbarism in Paris, the problem of Western-born or Western-brought-up minorities who become furious with the West, so much so that they will blow themselves and us up, has been thrown into sharp relief.

From Paris to London, which was bombed by British-born Muslims, to Oz, the weird phenomenon of our own citizens declaring jihad on us has become globalised. Various explanations are offered up for this war on the West by people within the West. Some claim these young Muslims are furious about the West's recent wars. But I was opposed to those wars too. So would it make sense if I blew myself up in my local Starbucks? No? So why, then, is it treated as normal for a Muslim Brit or Aussie to kill in revenge for Iraq? Do Muslims lack the self-restraint enjoyed by whites like me? There's an ugly racial streak to the idea that Muslims feel "compelled" to kill because of stupid foreign policy.

Others claim these internal jihads are a product of our societies'

mistreatment of Muslims. The Grand Mufti of Australia said the "racism [and] Islamophobia" faced by French Muslims could have contributed to the Paris massacres.

This doesn't add up either. Why didn't earlier generations of the racially repressed – Stolen Aborigines, blacks in pre-civil rights America – also indulge in unhinged, murderous behaviour? Massacring your fellow citizens in a concert hall makes no sense as a response to feelings of exclusion.

No, in order to pursue jihad in your own nation, there's got to be a profound feeling of distance from, and disgust for, your own society. Where does that come from? I think much blame lies with the pseudo-progressives. Those who indulge in a PC form of segregationism. Those who constantly "celebrate all cultures",

which is actually nice-sounding code for eschewing universalism in favour of allowing each identity group to do and think their own thing, on their own, away from everyone else. In the cellar.

So when Hizb ut-Tahrir said it was wrong to make Muslim kids sing the Aussie anthem, some leftists agreed, claiming we must make concessions in the name of "cultural pluralism".

This all sounds lovely. But it has a really nasty edge. It promotes the idea that national values – the flag, the anthem, history – are horrible things. It says, "Stay on the outside, in your own cultural bubble". It cuts people off from other people, from society itself.

It gets worse. The PC lobby also cultivates a politics of victimhood within certain migrant groups. The Islamophobia industry, which constantly trawls for evidence of anti-Muslim sentiment, is forever telling Muslims that their own societies hate them.

What a lethal combination: preventing Muslims from fully integrating, and telling them their society is full of ugly bogan racists who want to rip off their veils or firebomb mosques.

The end result?

Alienation, fury, anti-Western feeling – all stirred up by identity-obsessed progressives who view integration as oppression. What a tragedy. Migrants who come to the West want to work, be secure, belong. But a vast new army of self-loathing purveyors of PC tell them: don't bother trying to fit in because the West ain't worth much.

And we wonder why some become so anti-West. 

‘
**ALIENATION, FURY AND
ANTI-WEST FEELINGS
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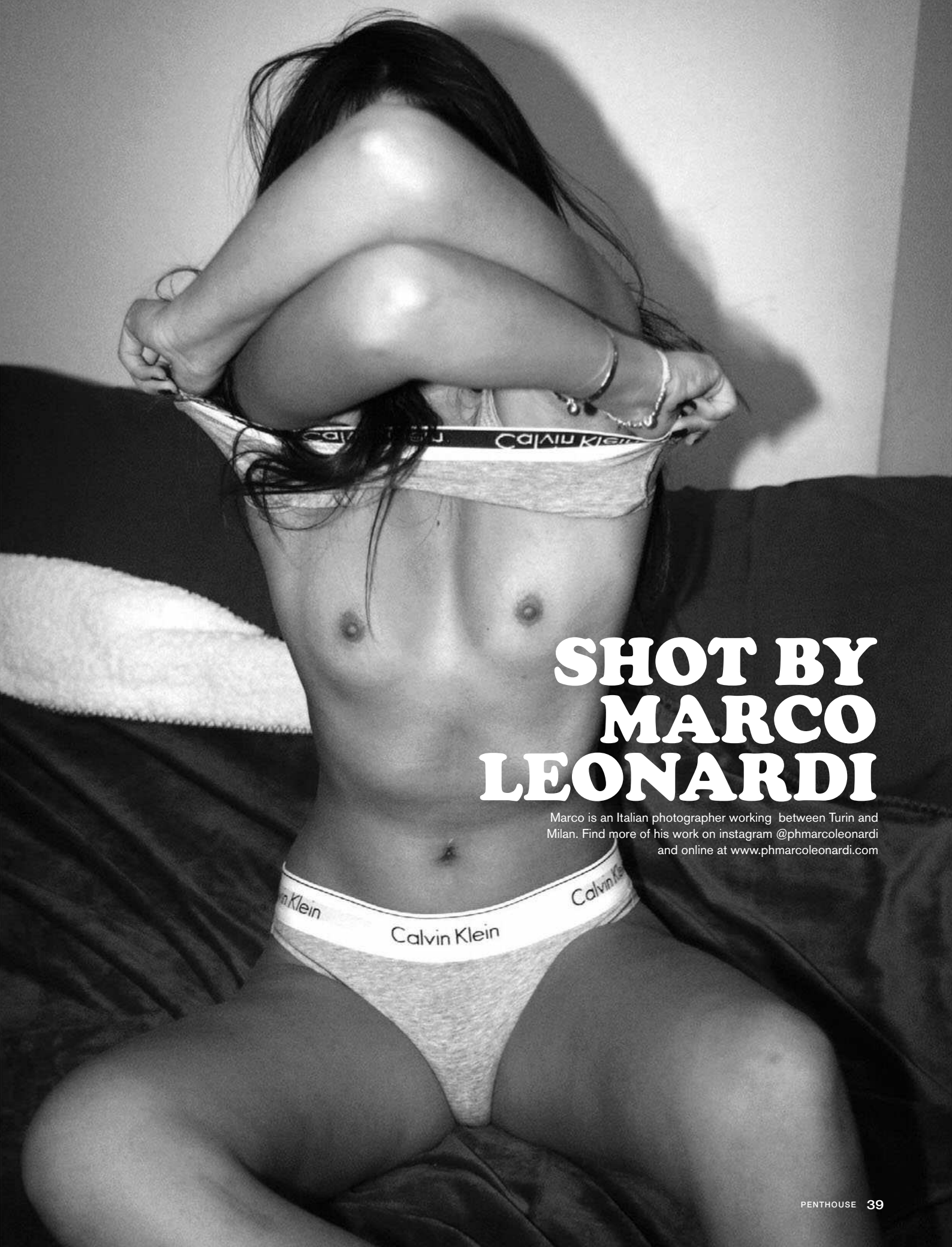


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A black and white photograph of a woman from the back, lying down. She is pulling down her Calvin Klein underwear with both hands, which are raised behind her head. The underwear has the 'Calvin Klein' logo visible on the waistband. The woman's torso is bare, showing her back, shoulders, and buttocks. The lighting is dramatic, with strong shadows. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

SHOT BY MARCO LEONARDI

Marco is an Italian photographer working between Turin and Milan. Find more of his work on instagram @phmarcoleonardi and online at www.phmarcoleonardi.com

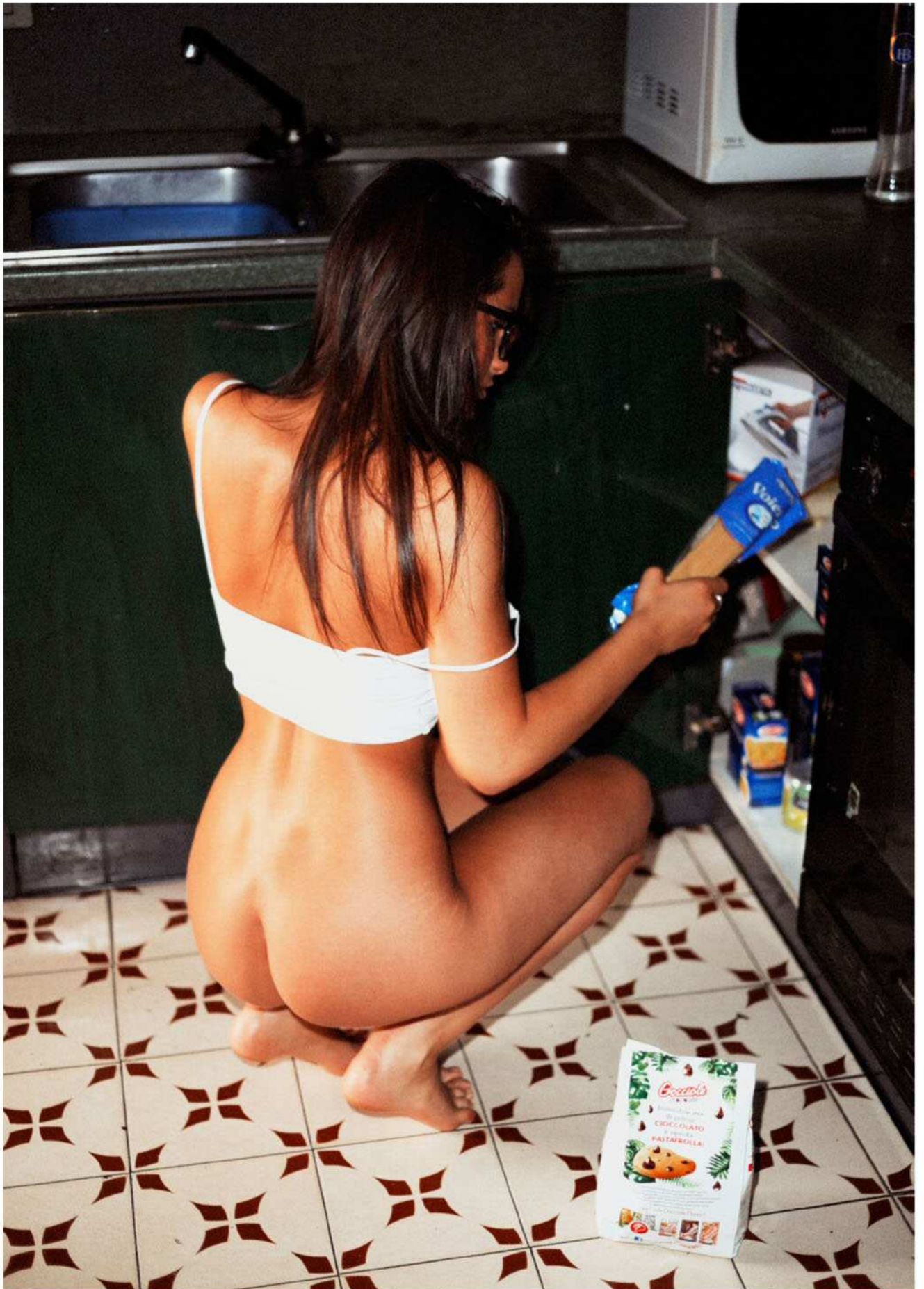






















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HI THERE, I'M BILL, F**KING MURRAY... YOU'RE WELCOME

Bill Murray is one of the most legendary eccentrics in Hollywood. He doesn't have an agent. He maintains a private phone number that only a select few people can access. Directors often wait months before he will commit to a project and even Sofia Coppola wasn't sure he would show up in Tokyo only days before they were scheduled to begin filming 2004's *Lost in Translation*, a film that earned several Oscar nominations including one for Murray as best actor. He is famous for having shown up on David Letterman's recently-ended late night talk show in a variety of ludicrous outfits while passing out \$20 dollar bills to homeless people in New York. He crashes karaoke parties wherever he finds them. He once stole a golf cart and crashed it in Sweden. He can be prickly with fellow actors on the sets of his films when he feels they take themselves too seriously. On *Groundhog Day*, he hired a deaf assistant who spoke only sign language to act as an intermediary with director and good friend Harold Ramis, with whom he was feuding on set.

These are the many faces of Bill Murray. Though he tries to give the impression that his chameleonic personality is borderline curmudgeon, the truth is that his absurdist outlook on life is what compels him to behave as if he exists in an alternate universe of his own making.

And when he appears to be behaving badly we love him all the more because we know there's an ironic madman behind the faux-scowl. Perhaps that's why we think of Murray as both a uniquely gifted actor whose comic persona seeps into even his more serious roles. His deadpan demeanour is so arch that one has the feeling that at any moment Bill Murray might break into song or utter some random observation on the state of things. His various alter egos in films ranging from *Caddyshack* to *Groundhog Day* to *Ghostbusters* (was there ever a more ironic figure than Dr. Wenkman?) to the recent *St. Vincent* suggest that he has mastered the art of sublime indifference.

There's a charming Zen ennui to his oddball manner that allows him to seduce audiences with a mere wink and slightly lascivious smile. We're irresistibly drawn into joining him on his existential road trip where all the fun is in getting there even though the destination is unknown and ultimately unimportant.

Like many of the world's greatest comedians, Murray, now 64, has a deeply serious side to his antic self. His best dramatic work came in *Lost in Translation*, a platonic love story played out amid the alien urban landscape of Tokyo. Murray played the over-the-hill action star Bob Harris who finds a few days of relief from an unhappy marriage in the company of Scarlett Johansson's equally disaffected young wife Charlotte. At the end of the film, after whispering some life lessons into the ear of Johansson's fellow wanderer, Murray's strange, pacific, sad-happy expression while riding out of town in a limo must rank as one of the most beautifully resonant and life-affirming moments in cinema.

Then there came his performance as the disaffected lover in Jim Jarmusch's wry drama *Broken Flowers* where he wanders from one ex-girlfriend to another in a bleak search for forgiveness. In 2012, Murray gave yet another curious take on life in Wes Anderson's *Moonrise Kingdom* after which co-star Tilda Swinton expressed her fascination with his seemingly unknowable inner nature: "Bill has a certain rare animal – snow leopard – quality. Kinda dangerous as well as exotic."

Most recently, Murray has again demonstrated his dramatic sensibilities in *St. Vincent*, in which he plays a bawdy, misanthropic Vietnam War vet romantically involved with Naomi Watts's Daka, a pregnant Russian stripper while also acting as the unlikely babysitter for a neighbour's (Melissa McCarthy) young boy. This summer found him playing a billionaire media mogul in Cameron Crowe's *Aloha*, another role that saw him infuse a serious character with a

comic lust for life.

Bill Murray grew up in Chicago as the middle child in a family of nine siblings in a traditional Irish Catholic family. His mother, Lucille, who worked for a hospital supply company, died in 1998. His father Edward, a lumber salesman was just 46 when he died of complications from diabetes.

He developed his comic skills while part of Chicago's famed Second City comedy troupe before *Saturday Night Live* gave him massive popular appeal while working alongside fellow comic greats John Belushi, Gilda Radner, Dan Aykroyd et al. *Ghostbusters* was the film that turned him into a Hollywood superstar, and he's never looked back since.

Bill Murray is currently ("somewhat uncomfortably") single and lives most of the year in a small town in the countryside not far from New York City. He has been married and divorced twice and has six children.

At the Toronto International Film Festival where *St. Vincent* made its world premiere last September, Bill Murray showed an emotional side of himself not often seen. As the film reached its touching finale, Murray had to wipe away tears from his face. "It's an emotional movie. I had to stop crying, because I didn't want to be caught crying when the lights came up or my career is finished." After the Toronto audience gave the film a 5-minute standing ovation, Murray took to the stage with the rest of the cast wearing a plastic crown and a beauty queen sash. After all, the festival had declared the day in question "Bill Murray Day."

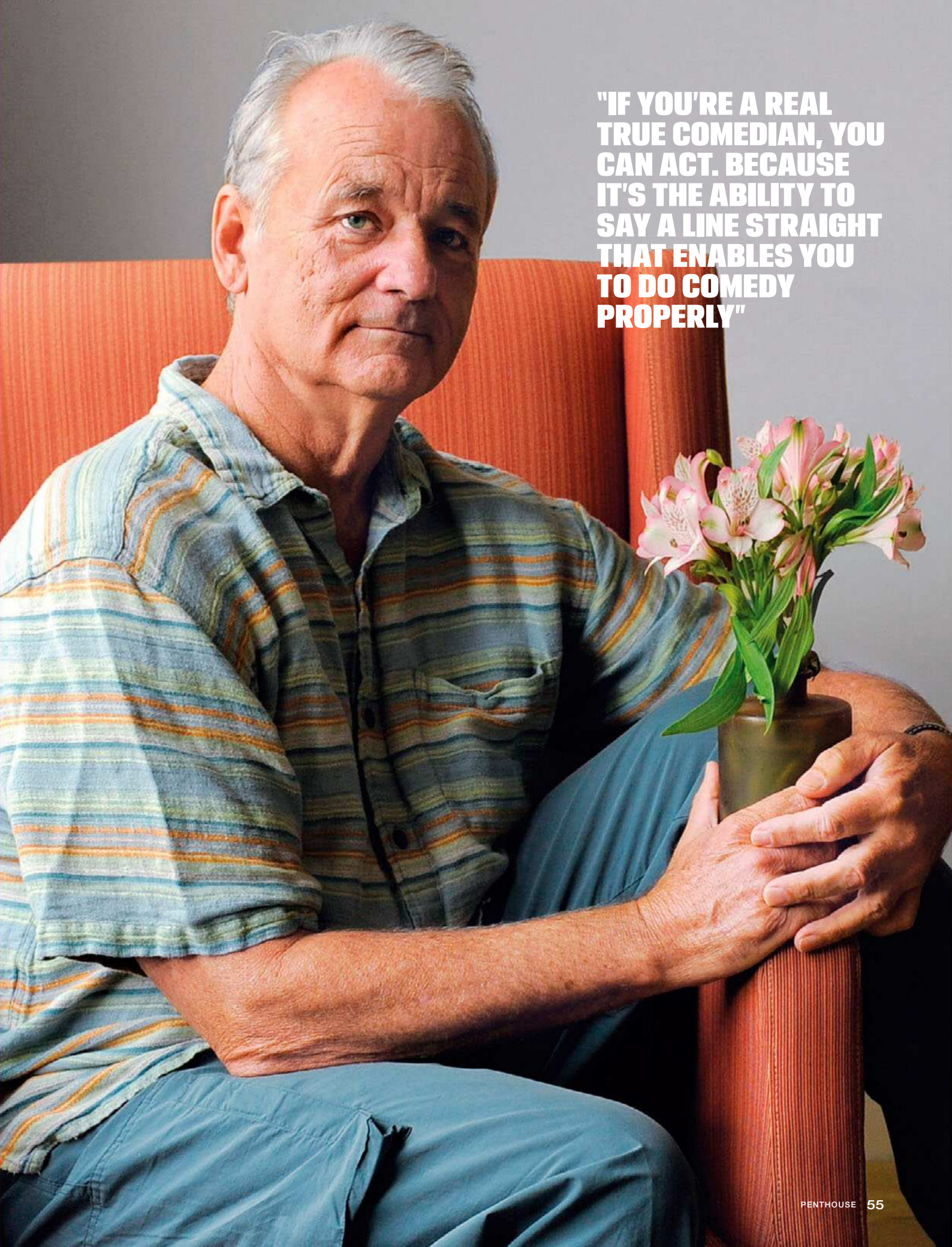
Bill, there's a lot of excitement about the prospect of a female Ghostbusters reboot. What are your thoughts about your time on the original Ghostbusters?

Well, *Ghostbusters* paid for my children's college education, which means that they were able to flunk out much earlier than they would have if they had to pay their own way. That was such a big experience for me. It was more than I could handle. I had to leave town, move away, and get out of the country.

What's different about movies now?

Back then, movies, we didn't take them so seriously. It wasn't such a serious business. We used to do them for fun and because we liked the work. Back then we really had a lot of fun. Working with that group – Harold Ramis (who died last year) and Danny (Aykroyd) and Ivan (Reitman), Annie Potts and (Rick) Moranis – these were all just people you'd love to be trapped with for a couple months. Really, true hilarity all the time. You could feel free to try anything you wanted to do and perform for each other. Just perform for each





**"IF YOU'RE A REAL
TRUE COMEDIAN, YOU
CAN ACT. BECAUSE
IT'S THE ABILITY TO
SAY A LINE STRAIGHT
THAT ENABLES YOU
TO DO COMEDY
PROPERLY"**



other all the time. And when you do that, it's a gas.

What did you make of the festival declaring a "Bill Murray Day"?

It was a bit embarrassing but pleasantly embarrassing. I got into the groove. I did the royal smile and wave. People smiled back. No one threw fruit at me. It was a pretty good day, like a birthday, except with strangers coming up and congratulating you for no real reason. But I will take love in any form. Life isn't always a barrel of laughs, you know. You gotta make the most of public adulation. The next day they might declare you persona non grata and have you deported if your film really sucks!

Over the past decade or so, you've increasingly made your mark in dramatic films playing rather serious characters. Do you feel it's hard for audiences to appreciate your dramatic work given your legendary status as a comedian?

I like the way you asked that question. Nicely passive-aggressive...I've always felt that people who don't think that comedians are actors are damaged -- really damaged. If you're a real true comedian, you can act. Because it's the ability to say a line straight that enables you to do comedy properly. It's usually the irony and the contradiction that makes a line funny and you're acting being serious when the intent is to make people laugh. Every good comedian is by

definition an actor.

You've been described by your co-stars over the years as being a melancholy person. Do you see yourself that way?

Well, I don't think melancholy is a bad thing, you know. It's sort of an adult emotion that you get when you realize that the way you see the world and the way you want it to be, isn't necessarily the way it is - you know? It's a space in between the ideal and the reality, that's where the real suffering is. Melancholy is nicer than depressed though. It's almost like a little bit of "aw, shucks." But it's not the same as getting down about things.

Where does the sadness come from?

My childhood, I think. It wasn't easy growing up. There were a lot of kids and there wasn't a lot of money - I came from a giant family, you know what that's like? Our house was a wreck, a constant claustrophobic mess.

And looking back you think, "Wow, that must have been really hard." But at the time you don't see it as hard, you see it as, "This is my life, I'm not going to complain about it, I'm just going to do the best I can with it."

I don't mind feeling it, the pain, I have problems. To me, I kinda like feeling sad and I think it's OK to have emotion. I think trying to deny emotion is like an enormous drain on your brain. You can't fight your emotions because they're more powerful than you and to crank your brain up to overpower them on a regular basis gives you a kind of diseased brain I think.

You say it was hard growing up with lots of siblings, but you have six kids.

I have a melancholy feeling about family and children. I really like to be myself you know. But I can't deny that I like this feeling of all these people around, I got used to it. But having more children you get a little better at being a parent. Also they engage each other. One is the worst, the hardest I think. But with two then there's someone to play with. That sort of works with the six, they do take care of each other and the older ones would often play with the littler ones.

One of the remarkable and perhaps odd things about how you work is that you make it difficult for directors and people in the industry to get in touch with you when they want you to work on a film?

I decided at one point in my life that I was fed up with answering the phone and dealing with a lot of crap. It became unmanageable for me and once I created some distance between me and the industry my life became better and I didn't feel the pressure to work anymore. I learnt while I was at Second City that there's a lot of honour and nobility in being able to turn down work. You don't have to take the dog food commercial if you don't want to. If people want me to do a film they have to work a little harder to reach me but usually they find a way. I carry a cell-phone even these days although I don't always answer it. I text my kids and sometimes they text me back.

Where do you get your particular brand of comic swagger from? You have this fearless attitude and a sense that even if you don't know where a comic riff is taking you, you still want to follow through?

I got that from Del Close who was my teacher at Second City....He was incredibly gracious to your talent and always tried to further it. He got people to perform beyond their expectations. He really believed that anyone could do it if they were present and showed respect. There was a whole lot of respect. He taught lots and lots of people very effectively. He taught people to commit. Like: "Don't walk out there with one hand in your pocket unless there's somethin' in there you're going to bring out." You've gotta go out there and improvise and you've gotta be unafraid to die. You've got to be able to take a chance to die. And you have to die lots. You have to die all the time. You're goin' out there with just a whisper of an idea. The fear will make you clench up. That's the fear of dying. When you start and the first few lines don't grab and people are going like, "What's this? I'm

not laughing and I'm not interested," then you just put your arms out like this and open way up and that allows your stuff to go out. Otherwise it's just stuck inside you.

You're single these days. Do you miss being married or in a relationship?

I'm more interested in taking care of myself right now and figuring things out. I have more trouble connecting to myself and that makes it harder to be able to or want to connect to someone else. When I look at myself sometimes I don't always see someone I like and that I'm not as good or wonderful as I would like to be. But I like being with my children and making sure their lives are happy and that I can be there for them and help them find what they're looking for. That's really satisfying for me.

Was making the decision to doing more dramas like *Lost in Translation* and *Broken Flowers* an important transition in your life?

I'm someone who had had success in the past doing comedies and one kind of acting, and you worry about whether you can continue having the same level of success and have the same appeal to the public doing other kinds of work. So I was searching for a way to take my work to a different level and be happy with that choice. A few decade ago I asked myself, "Do I want to be a big movie star?" And I decided I didn't. I decided I wanted to live my life and see what happens, and at the same time to take on jobs that don't necessarily pay the huge amounts of money you can earn by making certain kinds of films, but which let you work with interesting directors like Sofia Coppola and Wes Anderson and Jim Jarmusch and with talented people who want to do the kind of work you like doing.

Are you happier today making those kinds of movies as opposed to big studio films that you did in the past?

For the most part, yeah. I'd rather live my life out of the glare of the spotlight doing the kind of little films I want to do than making big studio films that keep your name constantly in the public eye. I always hoped that one of the smaller independent films I would do in my career would have some recognition and would connect with audiences. And then low-and-behold *LOST IN TRANSLATION* had that kind of success. For me, that was a welcome confirmation that I was doing the right thing with my career. I'm very thankful for that film and I feel I did the best work of my career in it.

***LOST IN TRANSLATION* was written by with you in mind. Did you find it very easy to get your head into the role?**

I've been around actors and movie stars

"ONCE I CREATED SOME DISTANCE BETWEEN ME AND THE INDUSTRY MY LIFE BECAME BETTER AND I DIDN'T FEEL THE PRESSURE TO WORK ANYMORE"



most of my life, and I knew this kind of guy. I didn't really base my interpretation on any one person I'd known because I didn't have to. I felt that my whole life had led to that moment, to what my character was living, and that everything about who I am went into my performance and my being there in Tokyo making the film...It was that kind of moment where you feel you've synced everything in your life and there's no disconnect. That doesn't happen very often.

What does Bob see in life that you yourself understand about the world?

(Smiles, and covers his face in his hands) I didn't prepare enough for this...can you come back in a year and ask me that question again...No, wait, I know this. (Pretends like he remembered the correct answer to an exam question.) Bob realises that there was this beauty and kind of pure peace to being able to talk to this young woman whom he barely knows and how he appreciates that he would rather be with her and enjoy her company than anything else or any other relationship in his life. But he doesn't say it. He feels it and they both know it even though they also know each of them will be going their own way and on their separate journeys. It was all about the beauty of that moment or series of moments that linked them at that point in their lives when their paths crossed. The scene in the bed (where they lie next to each other talking) is one of my favourite scenes in the film and one of the best I've ever done, and we needed to spend a very long night walking the corridors of the hotel before we got the dialogue right.

We spoke about your melancholy perspective on life. Do you tend to see more sadness than joy out there?

It depends on your state of mind. I see a lot of the beauty and good things that are out there, I'm not miserable and moping around the house all day worrying about man's battle against a dark universe. But I think we have to fight a bit to come up with the right answers and see the light that's out there and have some faith in the world.

You've been known to give out 100 dollar bills to homeless people on the street while you've been shooting films in the U.S. Is that your way of giving something back to the public?

I think everyone has to find their own way to contribute to one's society. We all have a responsibility to help an old lady cross the street when it's cold and snowy outside or to help out a guy on a street corner who's just looking for a little help to buy himself a coffee or a sandwich.

I have a soft spot for people who have to struggle in life. I was there once. ☹️



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SEX ON WHEELS

THE HOTTEST RIDES OVER THE LAST 60 YEARS

BEHIND CLOSED DOORS

IF YOU'RE A BIT OF AN EXHIBITIONIST, FLATTERED BY THE OCCASIONAL VOYEUR, AND HAPPY TO BE THE CENTRE OF ATTENTION, THEN WE KNOW YOU'LL BE CHECKING INTO ONE OF THESE SPOTS ON YOUR NEXT VACATION

210TH SUITE

Sex is still a taboo subject in the 21st century. Sure we've come a hell of a long way, but people still tend to freeze up and get weird when you inquire about their sex life. The awkward encounter with the checkout chick at your local store when purchasing condoms and lube is almost a right of passage. But who cares about that, you're getting laid tonight!

As far as escapism goes, visiting a hotel solely for the purpose of

banging each other's brains out is pretty high on our list of fun things to do. Actually, it's pretty much at the top of our list, right along side sex in space. Thankfully, there are people out there who understand our kinky needs. Here's what Sofie has to say about 210th suite.

"Chelsea offers an oasis for cosmopolitan fashion and fun. This urban retreat is so alluring guests won't want to leave, particularly

if they have checked into the exclusive 210th suite. Designed for guests with a playful disposition the suite is a truly seductive setting, a complimentary 210th box containing adult accessories enhances the experience."

Location:
Chelsea, London.

For more info visit:
www.210th.com/hotels-suite



JADE MOUNTAIN RESORT - ST LUCIA

If swimming in water the colour of cinnamon in the Caribbean sounds like your cup of rum, then look no further - Jade Mountain Resort has your name on it, boss. Perched along a postcard-perfect beach on the island nation of St. Lucia, it has all the amenities of a high end Caribbean beach resort that a man of your taste would expect. The spa, the infinity pool, the gorgeous wait-staff waiting to bring you a drink as you lounge lazily in a hammock overlooking green vistas and sparkling Caribbean oceans. Behind you lays lush jungle-filled country full of tropical wonder and adventure. So pack your bags, your best holiday shorts, grab your girl - or ask her nicely - and make your way to the Caribbean wonderland that is St. Lucia.

NIKKI - KOH SAMUI

Some people believe that the word "samui" derives from the Malay word "saboey", or "safe haven". Does it? Well, there is no credible source. However, it's beside the point, because it can be if you want it to be. Overlooking the crystal blue waters of Lipa Noi Beach, Nikki Beach Resort Koh Samui lies steps from Lipa Noi's beautiful sunset coast. The bar is stumbling distance from the beach, as is your bed. Is that important? If you want it to be. Remember, this is Thailand, you're probably going to be partying or relaxing, so you want those two things on hand at all times.



ARTISAN HOTEL - LAS VEGAS

"We came here on Friday and we didn't leave until Sunday" isn't a quote from the 15th Hangover movie (is that how many they've done?). No, but it's going to be the reality if you visit Artisan Hotel in Vegas, because you won't want to leave. The uniquely decorated, art-filled rooms feature ornate, funky decor, flat-screens and sitting areas. Some suites even include walk-in closets and pool tables so it shouldn't be difficult to convince your girlfriend to stay (why do they love walk in ward-robos so much?) Free ear plugs are provided to guest because if you haven't figured it out yet, you're in vegas and people like to party.



SEX ON WHEELS

IF YOU WERE TO JUMP IN A TIME MACHINE AND STRUT BACK THROUGH THE LAST 60 YEARS, WHAT WOULD BE THE DEFINING CRITERIA OF EACH ERA? CARS. WOMEN MIGHT WEAR LESS NOW, BUT SEX ON WHEELS WAS WELL AND TRULY ALIVE IN THE 60'S, JUST CHECK OUT THESE RIDES...



ASTON MARTIN DB10

If there were ever a car with a Licence to Thrill, it would be the Aston Martin db10. Aston Martin have been providing agent 007 with the finest sports cars since 1964. They're the mechanical, four wheeled personification of Bond himself. Much like the super-spy who drives it, the db10 is a super charmer, albeit a little dangerous. Packed with all the weapons Bond would need to blow up a small country, the db10 was produced under conditions of extreme secrecy in the lead up to Spectre.

The db10 aka the Bond bobble uses a modified version of the Vantage chassis - though the wheelbase is longer and the car is wider - and the same 430bhp 4.7-litre V8 engine and six-speed manual gearbox as the Vantage S. Unfortunately however, for us mere mortals, Bond's db10 will not be available for sale to the general public. In fact, the db10 will not be produced at all, other than as a concept car.

ASTON MARTIN DB5

The Aston Martin db5 is one of the most famous cars in the world thanks to Bond. And where did Bond's big balls and sex appeal come from? His surging hormone levels from driving around the Aston Martin db 5 of course. Ejector seats available on request. Fun fact: The biggest selling toy of 1964 was a, you guessed it, db5 toy car, produced by Corgi Toys for Goldfinger.

‘
**THE ASTON MARTIN
DB5 IS ONE OF THE
MOST FAMOUS
CARS IN THE WORLD
THANKS TO BOND.**
’



1975 FORD GRAN TORINO

Bad boys, bad boys, what cha' going to do? Hearing the V8 250hp 1975 Ford Gran Torino. screaming around corners would of struck fear into even the most hardened criminals hearts. What do they say about the Gran Torino? A boy gets in, and a man gets out.





1986 FERRARI TESTAROSSA

Sonny drove his Testarossa following the destruction of his Daytona Spyder by Stinger missile. Not a bad upgrade if you ask us. But that's beside the point. Where do you think that 80's Miami Vice swagger came from? Their 1986 Ferrari Testarossa of course (testarossa is big testicals in Italian - may or may not be true).

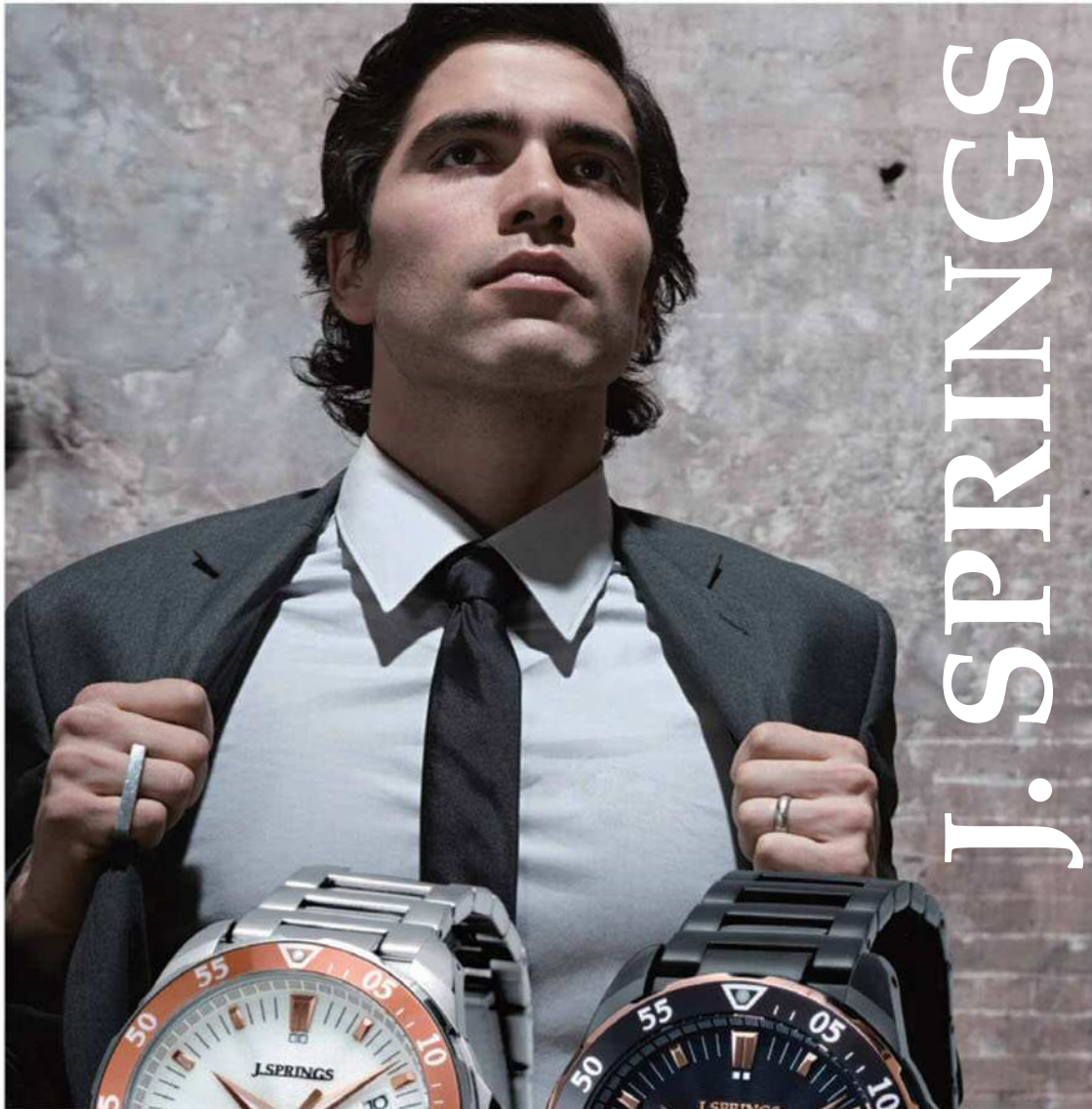
1959 CADILLAC ELDORADO

Gone in 60 seconds (we're not talking about your teen sex life) features some of the sexiest cars known to man, as well as Nicolas Cage in all his glory. What more do you want? How about a 1959 Cadillac Eldorado? This thing is literally sex on wheels, as in, you could have a sex party in it (driver invited), and there would still be room for the kids.



HOLDEN TORANA A9X

Finally, this list wouldn't be complete without some Aussie heritage. Torana means 'To fly' in one Australian indigenous dialect. Where you decide to fly is your choice, but in one of these, it could just as easily be pussy town as the finish line. Bringing it back to home turf, and one of the most certified all time classics, the Holden Torana A9X.



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HI-FI AND HOME

OK, SO YOU'VE MANAGED TO GET THIS BEAUTIFUL GIRL BACK TO YOUR PLACE. LIGHTS ARE DIMMED, DRINKS ARE OUT, THE VIBES ARE GOOD. TIME TO TURN IT UP TO 11 WITH A SOUND SYSTEM TO BACK UP ALL YOUR SMOOTH MOVES.

FERGUSON HILL FH001 HORN SPEAKER

For those who buy speakers with their eyes. The Ferguson Hill Horn speaker is straight up visual porn for the audiophile. It's a "horn" speaker made of clear acrylic. Its ultrahigh efficiency design allows it to play nice and loud with as little as 3 to 50 watts. That makes it a 'green speaker' for all you greenies out there.



BANG & OLUFSEN - BEOLAB 90

Bang & Olufsen's Beolab 90 offers unparalleled quality and looks. The speakers pack 18 drivers -- four woofers, seven mids, and seven tweeters. In layman terms that means you'll be pumping out a combined 8,200 watts, so it's probably loud enough to vibrate your dates clothes off, if you haven't already. If that isn't sexy, we don't know what is. Available individually this November.



SINATRA EDITION GRAMOPHONE SPEAKER - GRAMOVOX

Frank Sinatra's signature tippie was a mix of four ice cubes, two fingers of Jack Daniel's whiskey, and a splash of water. And chances are you'll feel like sipping on neat whiskey whilst you kick back and listen on your new Gramophone Speaker. In honour of legendary crooner Frank Sinatra, Gramovox produced a limited run of the classic Gramophone Speaker. The limited 500 edition is said to be a modern reimagining of the classic Victrola horn. Mounted on a wooden block with a Bluetooth speaker inside, the speaker oozes audiophile-sex-appeal. The Sinatra version features a chrome-plated steel horn on a ebony-stained wooden base that has a screen-printed Sinatra signature.

FREEWHEELER

For those times when you're at a party and you just want to 'take the music with you'. To be fair, you've probably had too much to drink at that point but hey, we get it. Designed by Francesco Pellisari, this innovative, semi-ridiculous, and very sexy freewheeler cordless stereo speaker wheel can actually be rolled around both indoors and outdoors. Simply plug your iPod into the transmitter, switch it on and you're rolling.



THE BRIONVEGA RR226

You can't easily buy the RR126 which adds to its appeal. Italian designers Pier Giacomo and Achille Castiglioni crafted the Brionvega Radiofonografo RR126: a gorgeous masterpiece of 60s stereo design, featuring a radio, speakers, amplifier and phonograph, as well as a wonderfully pareidolic robot face made up of the knob and dial design.

SIZE MATTERS

WALLETS PACKED FULL TO THE BRIM WITH EVERYTHING YOU OWN ARE GONE. WHAT IS ATTRACTIVE IS ATTENTION TO DETAIL. HERE, SIZE MATTER.

GUARDED GOODS BULWARK

Guarded Goods (right) is a one-man operation which means you're looking at quality. Meticulous attention to detail and handcrafted. These bi-folds have four card slots, a pocket for bills, and use extremely high quality leathers. In addition to being hand-stitched, the edges are burnished with beeswax for a naturally waterproof finish.

Price:\$120

I MAISON KITSUNE

Coins are the bane of many mens' existence. Always at a loss of what to do with them, never a place to put them. Change all that with this black leather coin purse from Kitsune. Doubles as a pussy magnet - chicks love guys confident enough to rock a coin purse.

Price: \$160

II UCON ACROBATICS PESO WALLET

Available from Sydney's very own Above The Clouds, the Peso Wallet is crafted from premium cowhide leather and gets the balance between card slot and coin purse spot on. The result is a slick looking wallet that won't blow out your pocket and leave you looking like you're trying to overcompensate for something.

Price: \$110



I



III

III FILSON SMALL BI-FOLD

This small leather bi-fold features two card slots, a security pocket and a bill holder. Durable vegetable-tanned leather from the USA, heavy-gauge nylon thread and Tin Cloth accents ensure a lifetime of constant use.

Price: \$88



II



IV

IV HUGO BOSS MEMENTO LEATHER VERTICAL WALLET

For when you feel like doing things a little different, the Hugo Boss vertical wallet has got you covered. It comes with all the good stuff that you would expect, including a textured leather fold design and internal multiple card slots.

Price: \$120.00



FIVE FOR YOUR POCKET

THE MODERN MAN TRAVELS LIGHT. HERE ARE OUR 5 FAVOURITE THINGS TO PUT IN YOUR POCKET THAT AREN'T WALLETS.

1 PAT KIM DESIGN TITANIUM BOTTLE OPENER

Sophisticated and minimal, a perfect companion for an evening of drinking. Made from durable titanium and built to last. This bottle opener will be your new best friend.

2 PARBELLUM KEY STRAP

Carry your keys in style. The Strap features a leather outer, calfskin interior, kevlar lining for durability, and a choice of either ceramic or copper hardware.

3 HAMMERED PEWTER POCKET FLASK

This screw top pewter flask offers fits in your pocket and holds 3 oz of liquid. It's unique hand-hammered finish is stylish and durable. Handmade in Sheffield, England, since 1949.

4 HARMAN/KARDON "ESQUIRE MINI" SPEAKER

Size matters... when it comes to portable speakers. Offering big bang for it's size The Esquire Mini delivers

the signature HK sound. It's built-in Li-ion battery lets you play your music wirelessly for up to 8 hours at a time. Perfect for when you need tunes on-the-go.

5 YSTUDIO "BRASSED BALLPOINT PEN"

Ideal for the aesthete or DIY lover. The Brassing Ballpoint Pen allows you to create an ageing effect by removing paint on the surface. The end result is a product totally unique to you.

WATCH AND ADMIRE

REGARDLESS OF YOUR STANCE ON HOROLOGY, THERE IS AN UNDENIABLE JE NE SAIS QUOI ABOUT A NICE TIMEPIECE THAT SILENTLY SCREAMS WEALTH AND SEX APPEAL.



BREITLING CHRONOMAT 44 BLACKSTEEL

The Chronomat 44 Blacksteel is a brand-new take on the watch adopted by the world's greatest aerobatics teams. The Chronomat 44 Blacksteel continues the legacy and will keep you looking like a boss. From the steel case and carbon-based black treatment, the unidirectional rotating bezel featuring black rubber-inlaid numerals and equally black dial, the Chronomat 44 ticks with sophistication and military like resistance. However it isn't just incredible to look at. On the technical side, this model is sturdiness and ergonomics embodied. Water-resistant to 200 m, the Chronomat 44 Blacksteel is distinguished by its exceptional engine which features Breitling Caliber 01 self-winding chronograph movement, powered by a black oscillating weight visible through the transparent case back. Needless to say, if you have this on your wrist, you're the boss.

HUBLOT CLASSIC FUSION AERO CHRONOGRAPH WATCH

The amazing Hublot Classic Fusion screams sophistication and microscopic attention to detail. The skeletonized piece represents the ultimate in exposed movements. What's more, it will only cost you a significant chunk of your salary. Yay!
Price: From \$16,000 - \$54,000



ROGER DUBUIS EXCALIBUR AUTOMATIC SKELETON

With a name like that, you just know the guy wearing is going to be a total fuckwit. That said, it's a pretty badass looking piece of gear. Straight out of the future. We think it tells the time? Does it even matter? Look at it! Price: \$83,200



SUPER MARIO BROS

Whilst this limited edition Romain Jerome Super Mario Bros timepiece might not get you laid, it will get you mad respect at your next gaming convention. Go on, hop to it.
Price: \$18,950

ROTONDE DE CARTIER GRAND COMPLICATION

578 components make this the most complicated watch ever made by maison. It's \$900,000 price tag means you probably won't be getting your hands on it anytime soon either but that won't stop you from appreciating the hell out of it. Price: \$770,000



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GOOD TASTE

FOOD + DRINK



WINE AND DINE

RESTAURANTS TO CHECK OUT WHEN YOU WANT TO IMPRESS

WHAT KIND OF DRINK ARE YOU?

JOCKS: VODKA SODA

Chances are you'll be hugging the toilet before the night is through, so it's best you get hydrated. The vodka soda is the jock personified. Zero thought and easy to neck.

HIPSTER: OLD FASHION

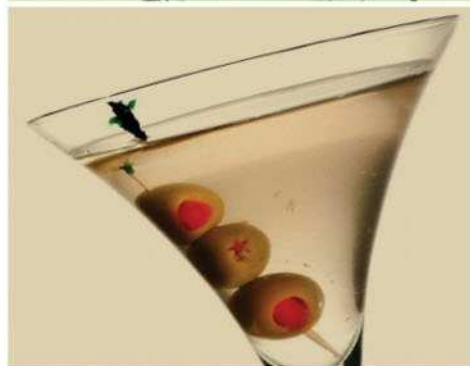
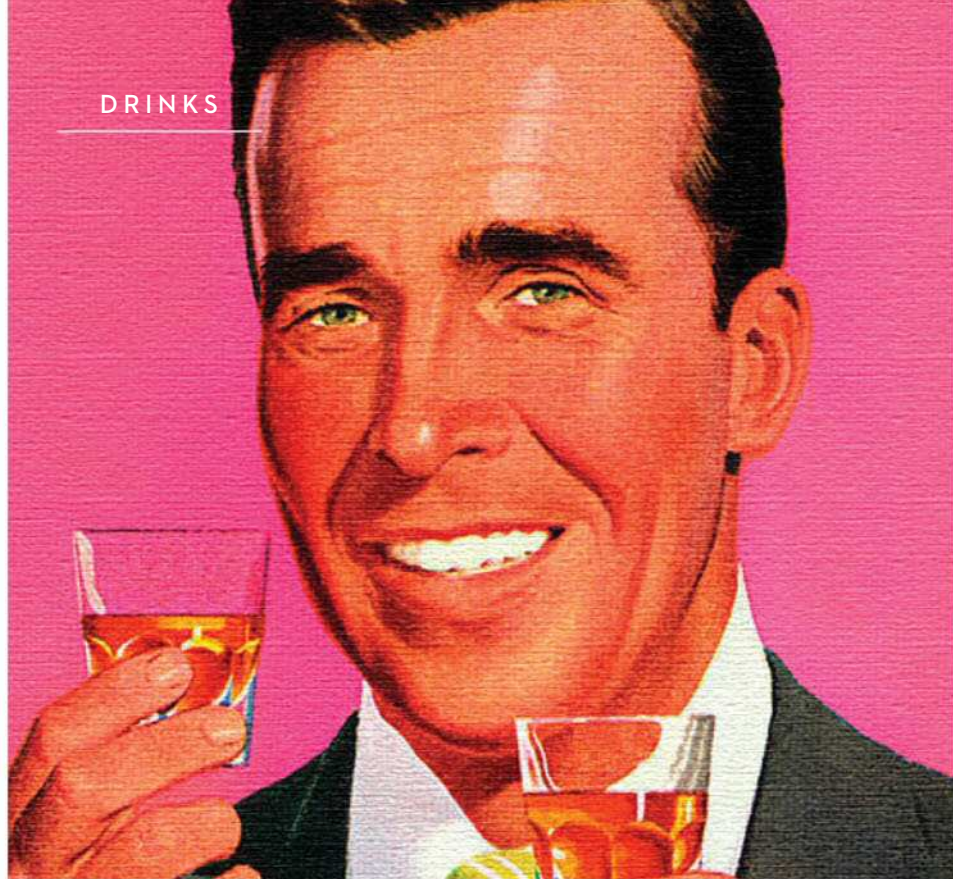
Old Fashions are in. And you'll need to look the part when you approach a friendly, turtleneck wearing stranger to talk philosophy. You're a hipster after all. Embrace it.

PLAYER: GIN MARTINI (DIRTY)

The ultimate players drink. Classy with a touch of dirty. It's suggestive enough to raise an eyebrow, but classy enough to keep her interested. Don't forget to offer her the olives.

NERD: NEGRONI

The negroni is what you sip as you wait quietly in the corner for someone to talk to you. Deep down your a complex character, hence the negroni, you're just not very good at selling yourself. Let the drink do the talking.



HANGOVER CURES AROUND THE WORLD

HUNGARY
Sparrow Droppings
in Brandy
Ingredients: Refer to title



PHILLIPINES
Balut
Ingredients: Fertilised duck
embryo, poached



ANCIENT GREECE
Sheep lungs
and owl eggs
Ingredients: Hard to come by





X-RATED COCKTAILS BOOK GIVEAWAY

Looking to spice up your cocktail game? Well, we've got the right ingredients. X Rated Cocktails provides an extensive range of adult X-Rated cocktails for your next X-Rated party. To go in the draw, simply email us and tell us what kind of drink you would be (if you were a drink).

Email:

info@phpublications.com

CLASSY: VIEUX CARRÉ

For the classy, intellectual woman who has better things to do than hang out with a beer sippin' pounce. You better have your game face on 'cos she means business. Yes she's judging you, no, she's not impressed with your craft beer.

ARTY: MARGARITA

A little showy, not over the top - anything with tequila means attitude. Your arty date is the margarita personified. She'll hopefully only be wearing a sombrero by the end of the night.

EASY GOING: BEER

It's always a relief when your date orders a beer. You know she's easy going and down for a good time. She's happy sipping beer in a bar or chatting over a picnic in the park.

FRIVOLOUS: COSMOPOLITAN

Most likely found at a sports bar, or cocktail bar drinking freebies from strangers. Your date will be be table top dancing in no time after a few cosmos.



ENGLAND

English Breakfast

Ingredients: Eggs, bacon, sausage, beans toast, etc



AUSTRALIA

More Booze

Ingredients: Whatever you had the night before



PENTHOUSE RECOMMENDS HANGOVER CLINIC

Serving up IV drips, oxygen and vitamin cocktails to help relieve the hangover. For \$140 through to \$200 you could just buy more booze and party on.





WINE AND DINE

A MIX OF MYSTERY, STYLE AND SURPRISE ARE THE BEST INGREDIENTS FOR A MEMORABLE DATE. HERE ARE SOME OF THE HOTTEST RESTAURANTS AROUND, SO YOU CAN TAKE HER SOMEWHERE SHE HASN'T BEEN BEFORE AND BLOW HER AWAY.

NEL - SYDNEY

Anyone who has been on a date knows one of the most difficult aspects is the decision making process. Where should we go? What should we eat? Which wine should we choose and what's for dessert? Thankfully a place exists where all the decisions are made for you. At Nel, you will be treated to a 6 or 8 course no-choice degustation menu. Head chef Nelly Robinson provides a fresh take on Modern Australia Cuisine in a tucked away industrial basement in the heart of Surry Hills.



CITY WINE SHOP - MELBOURNE

Take sanctuary inside the rich wooden warmth of City Wine Shop. Wine and dine your date over a glass of Syrah, a cheese board and a serve of Charcuterie with rillettes & terrine. Situated opposite Parliament and alongside the theatre strip, City Wine Shop offers a classic setting for romancers to unwind and let the passion fly. Take a seat inside their cosy establishment, or on a street-side seat.

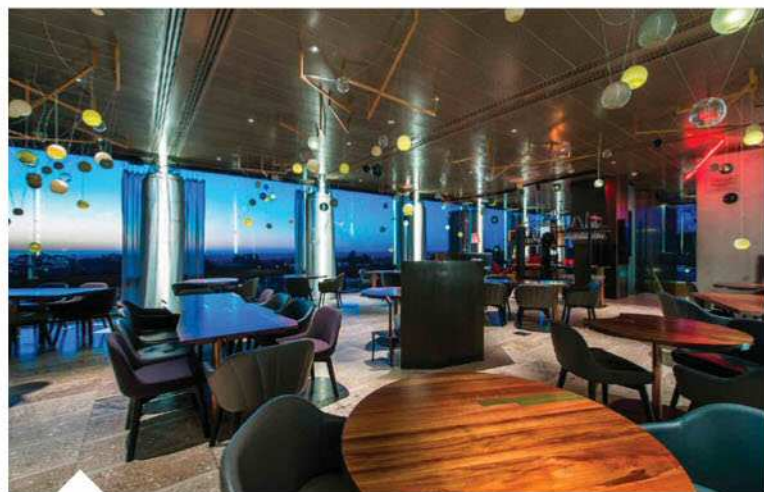


SOUNDS OF SILENCE - ULURU

A side of Kangaroo with a backdrop of Uluru? A little background didgeridoo under a night sky of stars? For those with a truly insatiable appetite to impress and relatively deep pockets, Sounds of Silence in Australia's Northern Territory offers one of the most unique, and memorable dining experiences in the world.

NOBU - PERTH

Two reasons why you should go here. It's the best Japanese in Perth and it's owned by Robert Deniro and Nobu himself. Still not sold? There's enough rare sake and Asian inspired cocktails to satisfy even the most seasoned of you out there. Esteemed international Chef Nobu Matsuhisa offers the most unique Japanese dining experience you're going to have on this side of the Pacific.



MAGILL ESTATE RESTAURANT - ADELAIDE

Touted as one of Australia's finest food and wine experiences, enjoy a glass of wine in a casual setting whilst overlooking the famous Penfolds Estate vines. Dinner here is sure to be a memorable experience - whether it be a long lingering lunch with wine pairings, shared charcuterie plates, a glass of Grange or a quick tasting plate. Magic Estate is the showcase restaurant for Penfolds and offers an ever changing degustation menu designed to show off Penfolds range.

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PURE INDULGENCE

This is Monica. She wasn't just hanging around in this frankly mental-expensive house in Sydney's Eastern suburbs. We had to jump through all kinds of hoops to get access here. Seriously, we're thinking of submitting this to some kind of real estate magazine too, I mean would you check out the place? Anyways, enough frothing over the decor. As well as being an absolute babe, Monica, who lives in Enmore, is also really cool, in a kind of art-school way. Okay. Enough reading now, enjoy the shoot.

Photography: Juliet Taylor
Fashion: Jana Bartolo
Model: Monica

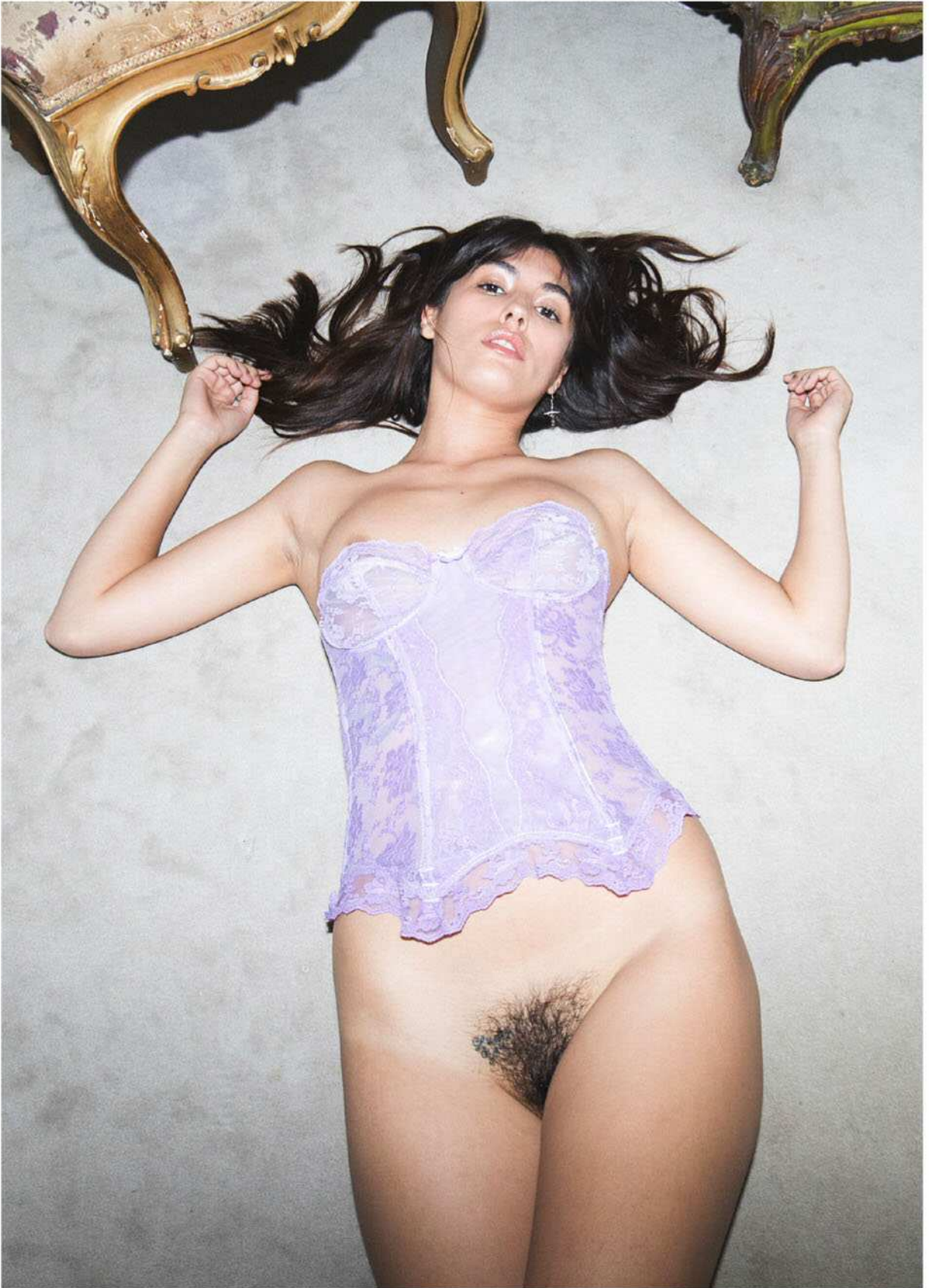






















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I GOT BEAT UP BY A GIRL

(AND IT COST \$500)

THERE ARE NUMEROUS MEN OUT THERE WHO WILL PAY TOP DOLLAR TO HAVE A DOMINATING WOMAN BEAT THEM UP, CALL THEM NAMES AND SEXUALLY HUMILIATE THEM. JAMES BRANSON GAVE IT A SHOT.

Unfortunately for my sense of self worth, morality, chances of impressing God and getting into heaven, my family's name and just general good taste, it's been decided that I am now officially Penthouse's reporter on fringe human behaviour. There was a serious discussion regarding whether or not I'd be willing to let somebody defecate on me in the name of "research". I balked at that one, but it was decided for me that another mission was on the cards: An afternoon with a Dominatrix.

Although I like an occasional bite or slap if it's called for, I really do not (or did not... more on that later) have any underlying desire to be spanked, hit, stomped on, whipped, humiliated, caned, kicked in the nuts, pissed on or to undergo CBT.

CBT, for anyone who isn't familiar with the term, is Cock And Ball Torture. There's a particularly gruesome image on one Sydney-based dominatrix's website showing a bloodied dick with about twenty small pins inserted into the scrotum. Ew.

I GOT BEAT UP BY A GIRL

I wasn't hungry for that kind of experience. I was actually pretty nervous about the whole shebang, so I asked a friend, let's call him Jack, what I was in for. Jack has a bit of experience as a tranny assistant to local mistress. He'd helped out with sessions that called for some extra humiliation.

"Some clients liked the actual pain, but most were there to be humiliated and embarrassed. We taunted them, made fun of how they looked. Sometimes we'd piss on them or make them shit themselves..."

Oh Dear.

"We had a dungeon and there were chains that we'd tie clients up in. There was also a lot of suppressed breathing – a lot of clients like to be suffocated. There was one guy who liked to be put in a latex suit that had small air holes which I had control of. A lot of that play was about getting him to do humiliating things, and as a reward I would let him breathe a little easier"

Yeah Jack, please go on to make this more enticing...

"A lot of guys liked to be pissed on. It was good money, too. I would charge a thousand bucks for a pissing session."

Wow.

I found a mistress in Surry Hills on the net. Her website made pretty viewing: pictures of men dressed in leather gimp outfits being led around on a chain by a tattooed woman who's whole look screamed 'I will kick your ass'. Several pictures featured a glass of golden liquid that I first thought – rather hopefully – was whisky.

"Um, that's not whisky," Will from Penthouse helpfully pointed out. Oh.

I finally settled on Mistress Anna in Darlinghurst.

She looked nice enough and tough enough at the same time. For some reason I can't be bothered thinking about, it was important that my dominatrix might be able to take me in a fight – I felt that if I could physically overpower her I wouldn't get a true experience of being dominated. We arranged to meet at four in the afternoon.

Half an hour before I was due to have my ass kicked the jitters set in solidly. I was scared not really of the humiliation but the pain, which was playing on my mind. I have a low threshold for pain and it has never turned me on too much in bed.

Ten minutes before game on, I received a text with strict instructions to wait on the corner near her Darlinghurst terrace and to not under any circumstances knock on her door. As I watched from across the street a short, stocky, George Costanza-type exited, looking shaken and exhilarated. Or so I imagined.

A few minutes later a phone call summoned me in.

"You'll need to come through and sit on the right hand side."

Her place was, downstairs at least, like any other Sydney terrace: upper-middle. Before we could talk about my upcoming torture she had some medical questions.

"Do you have any medication or health problems I need to know about? High blood pressure?"

"No."

"Good then. A bad back or knees?"

"Not really."

"The reason I ask is that you'll be doing a lot of kneeling before me on the floor, and sometimes clients can't handle that."

I was sure my knees could handle the pressure.

"I use 'mercy' as a safe word, so you need to say that whenever it gets too much. If there's something you don't like, especially something physical, I'll ask you if you need to say 'mercy', and you will say 'yes mistress' or 'no mistress'. I also use a rating system from one to five – five being the most painful. So I will also ask you to rate the pain from time to time.

"Once we go upstairs you will always address me as 'mistress'. This is an introductory session, so there'll be some light bondage, cock and ball 'tie and tease'... did you want some anal play today?"

It was like she was supersizing me.

A long silence ensued.

And ensued.

And ensued.

"Is that part of the regular introductory service?"

"Yes. There's more though, like putting needles in your cock – but that's not something you might enjoy."

"No, I don't think so."

"Ok, so there'll be forced orgasm obviously... did you have anything else you want to try?"

I wasn't sure...

"Would you to try some urethral play? One of my favourites is urethral sounding. It's like a male vibrator. They're metallic, long, thin rods. I find one that's smaller than the eye of your penis and insert it..."

Wooooaaahhh. Having a needle inserted into the eye of my penis did not sound enticing at all, but Mistress Anna pressed on, trying her best to convince me.

"Most guys feel a bit like they're about to pee or have an orgasm."

I suggested we could leave it for next time and she decided talk time was over. She led me upstairs and

instructed me to take a shower.

I DRIED OFF AND MISTRESS ANNA OPENED THE DOOR, demanding I be naked, directing me to turn around, blindfolding me and putting a tight leather collar around my neck and leading me to her dungeon. The blindfold came off, revealing a lair with all the trappings you'd expect. A hard rubber floor, chains, a sling and what looked like a dentist's kit containing numerous sharp metal objects.

"Kneel."

I knelt.

"I have some rules."

"Yes mistress."

"I don't like soft dicks."

"Yes mistress."

"I don't like dripping dicks."

"Yes mistress."

"You come when I let you."

"Yes mistress."

The slapping began, starting a beautiful relationship between her hands and my ass.

Gently, at first, then gradually harder over the course of a few minutes until I was told to get up. Mistress Anna began to slowly but firmly wrap a thin rope around my balls, too tight for comfort.

**ONCE WE START, YOU
WILL ADDRESS ME AS
MISTRESS. THERE'LL BE
SOME LIGHT BONDAGE,
COCK AND BALL TIE-AND-
TEASE... DID YOU WANT
SOME ANAL PLAY?**





‘
**I WAS SLAPPED,
SCRATCHED, AND
UNDERWENT SOME
VERBAL TAUNTING. I
WAS GRABBED AROUND
THE COLLAR AND
EMOTIONALLY ABUSED**
’

But comfort wasn't what I was here for really. She asked me on a scale of one to five how painful it was.

"One."

Braces were quickly wrapped around my hands and feet then hooked onto a series of chains in the middle of the room, leaving me in an X position, feet apart and hands up, unable to move more than a few inches.

I felt like that poor actor in Game Of Thrones who spends the entire third season getting tortured on a cross by his sadistic captor.

I was grabbed by the collar and given a round of light emotional abuse ("You've been playing with your dick every day, haven't you? How many times do you touch that dirty thing?"), then some further ass slapping.

The ass slapping really does seem to be a big part of being a dominatrix. By the time they have kids they need to discipline, your average dominatrix must be well rehearsed in corporal punishment.

I was scratched, had my nipples clamped and underwent further verbal taunting. I was her slave, she was in control, I would do as she commanded. A sharp metal device that I couldn't see through the tiny opening in my blindfold began to crawl heavily across my chest. Anna asked how painful it was and I gave it a three out of five. She seemed rather satisfied with a three.

I'm going to stop for a second here and say that it's hard to gauge the correct tone with which to write this. While the above and below is a simple list of events told rather dispassionately, I wasn't really sure how I felt at the time. Often I had a sense of detachment – at times wanted to break out laughing. It was painful and humiliating, but so is Christmas dinner with the family.

I was mercifully taken down from the chains – like Jesus from the cross – and dumped on to what appeared to be a gymnastics horse. I was told to bend over it and my hands and feet were again tied, this time to the ground. Some further ass slapping occurred in this position and she squeezed the rope around my balls tighter. I gave that one a four out of five.

At this point in our session I began to become... a little bored, honestly. I was expecting, probably naively, to feel more physical pain – perhaps I have a greater tolerance than I first suspected, but the subjugation of my body wasn't bringing too much insight. It elicited few feelings.

THEN SOMETHING STRANGE AND UNEXPECTED happened. I began to feel a strong desire to be humiliated and abused on an emotional level. I wanted her to scream at me, put me down, call me scum, taunt me, make me feel like a piece of shit.

The desire came out of nowhere and was very, very new. It was overpowering.

So I began to provoke Mistress Anna.

I wanted to make her as mad as I possibly could, hoping she'd get angrier and take it out on me. I laughed when she reminded me of her rules.

"They're not actually rules, you know," I said, still bound and tied up.

I smiled when she told me to shut up.

"I don't like floppy dicks' is not a rule. 'I don't like dripping dicks' is not a rule. They're just things you don't like," I taunted.

She didn't seem to take the bait, continuing with the

I GOT BEAT UP BY A GIRL

physical humiliation by pouring hot was on my back, which actually hurt like hell. But I continued being a smartass, trying to provoke her further, purposely forgetting her rules when asked to repeat them, laughing when I should have been screaming, and sweating profusely.

She didn't like the sweating, but I couldn't help it.

It was hot in there.

If it's possible to find being tied up, abused, whipped and slapped a little boring I was beginning to feel that way.

The desire for the more abuse got stronger, and for a moment I wanted some hard core physical abuse too - I wanted to be punched and spat on.

But it was still the emotional torment that I wanted the most, and I started to wish Mistress Anna knew more about me - my hang ups, my secrets, my fears - so she could use them against me. It was a strange and new feeling.

By this time I still wasn't hard, and I could tell Mistress Anna wasn't happy about this. What I found out later is that she genuinely wants her clients to be turned on, and she really does enjoy the work. Unlike some sex-workers, who are in it entirely for the money, Mistress Anna actually cares that her clients get what they want from the sessions.

It was clear by my flaccidity that it wasn't happening for me.

She let me off the horse and dragged me gently by the collar over to the sling in the middle of the room, spreading my legs, attaching them to a chain so I couldn't move them, and putting on some gloves. I guess I had been asking for more with my disobedience. It was time to get fingered.

She applied a generous amount of lube to the... region. After some gentle caressing she inserted what felt like a finger. I expected the anal play to either really turn me off or be strangely enjoyable, but it was neither. My overall reaction to the experience was "meh."

Maybe that's a little strange in itself, but the physical aspect of what we were doing had now become far less important to me, and the desire to be verbally abused took over entirely.

And then, our time was up.

She took her finger out of my ass, off came the latex gloves, and my last command was to take a shower.

EPILOGUE: A Post Play Conversation With Miss Anna.

Mistress Anna: So, how did you feel about that?

Me: I certainly enjoyed parts of it. It's hard to figure out right now, but what I wanted was more of the emotional abuse.

Mistress Anna: You were definitely pushing it. When you were being a smartass to me and you told me my rules weren't actually rules I could see your normal dominative personality come through. There's nothing wrong with that, but what you were doing was a fairly cheeky thing to do to a mistress.

Me: I actually felt myself actively trying to piss you off.

Mistress Anna: A good mistress will control her temper and won't fall for that. She won't react abusively.

Me: That's actually how I wanted you to react.

Mistress Anna: That's not my thing. A mistress less experienced

might thrash out at you.

Me: At some point I did begin to enjoy being hit.

Mistress Anna: Yeah you did. But you're new, so it takes a few sessions to know somebody's boundaries. That was actually pretty challenging for me - you began starting to push my buttons.

Me: I guess that was me not really knowing how it works.

Mistress Anna: Mmmm. But it's my house and my rules apply here.

Me: Yes ma'am.

I WALKED OUT INTO THE REAL WORLD FEELING understandably odd. Because the experience was strange and new, it took me a while to know what to make of it.

The physical experience had been tamer than I had expected. Although I've never been keen on pain during sex, I was still expecting this to hurt more, and was honestly a little disappointed that it didn't.

Although there were some painful moments, I only once shouted the safe word "mercy" and that was when Mistress Anna untied the rope around my testicles and the blood flowed back into them. That one hurt like hell.

But it was my first time, so I imagine that Mistress Anna didn't want to go too far in an introductory session - if I went again I think I'd ask for something a bit rougher.

What was more interesting was the uncovering of my until-now dormant desire to be psychologically abused.

I wanted more taunting, more teasing. I wanted to be told I was scum, and be spat on and be made to lick her boots.

I don't know if that's something I want in my sexual and emotional relationships with other women - hopefully it simply came from a desire to have a real experience of being dominated - but the fact I wanted more abuse certainly reveals

something. I just don't know what that something is.

I'm not a psychologist so this is probably a very shallow analysis, but my suspicions are that it stems from my relationships with women in my past. I've always fallen in love with people who are far more morally upstanding than I am.

Maybe that comes out of having a good Christian mother or perhaps it's just the fact that I'm a general scumbag and any woman is bound to be a better citizen than me, but I came to the realization after seeing Mistress Anna that I have never held the balance of power in any of my relationships.

I've always been the weaker one. The one to agree to end an argument even if I feel I'm in the right, to cede control for the sake of settlement, to always assume I'm in the wrong because how could this woman I love have any faults?

That's obviously a warped way of thinking.

Of course the women I've been with are imperfect, but I've never acknowledged that until after those relationships have ended.

Now that I'm single, and have been for a year, that part of my life - having someone better than me subconsciously controlling my behaviour - is missing.

The desire to be abused by Mistress Anna seems like a good replacement.

I'm gonna go back. 

‘
**IF IT'S AT ALL POSSIBLE
TO FIND BEING TIED
UP, ABUSED, WHIPPED
AND SLAPPED A
LITTLE BORING, I WAS
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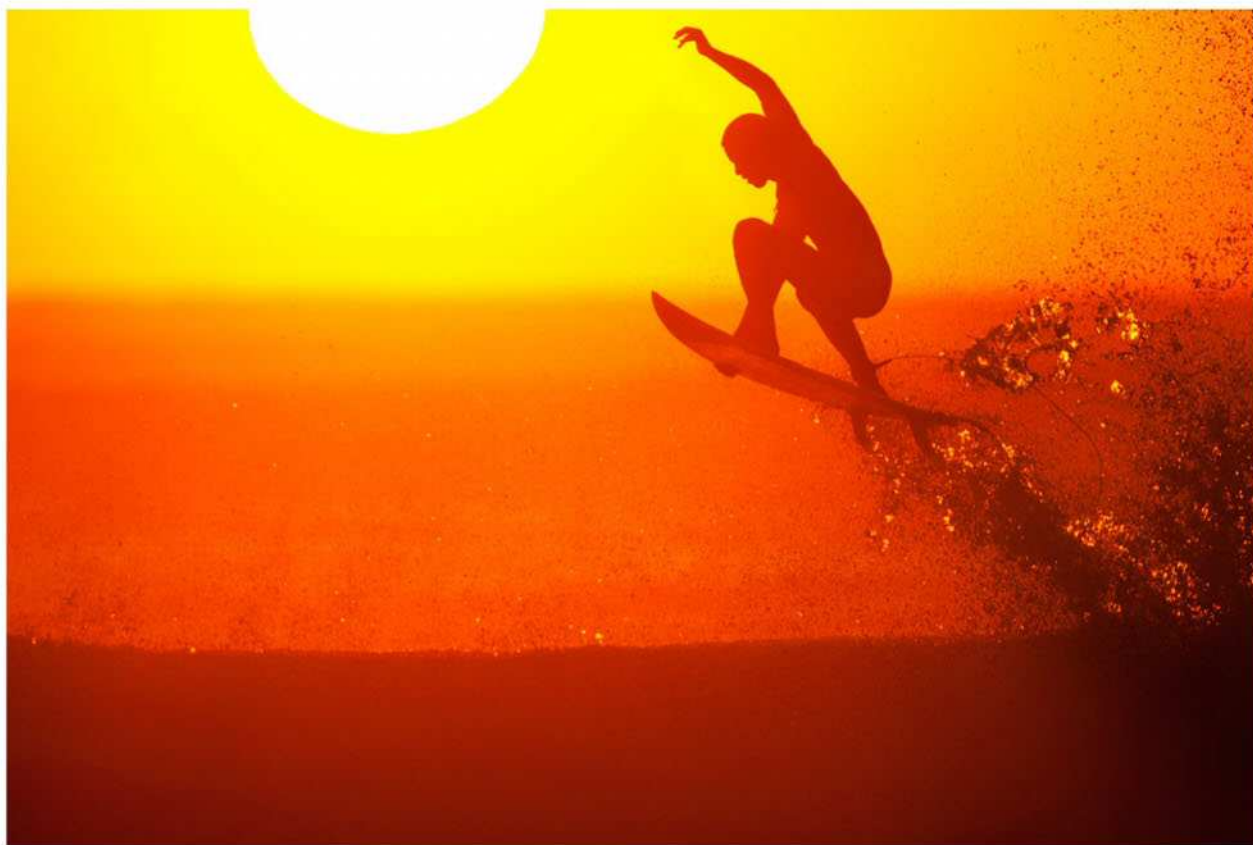






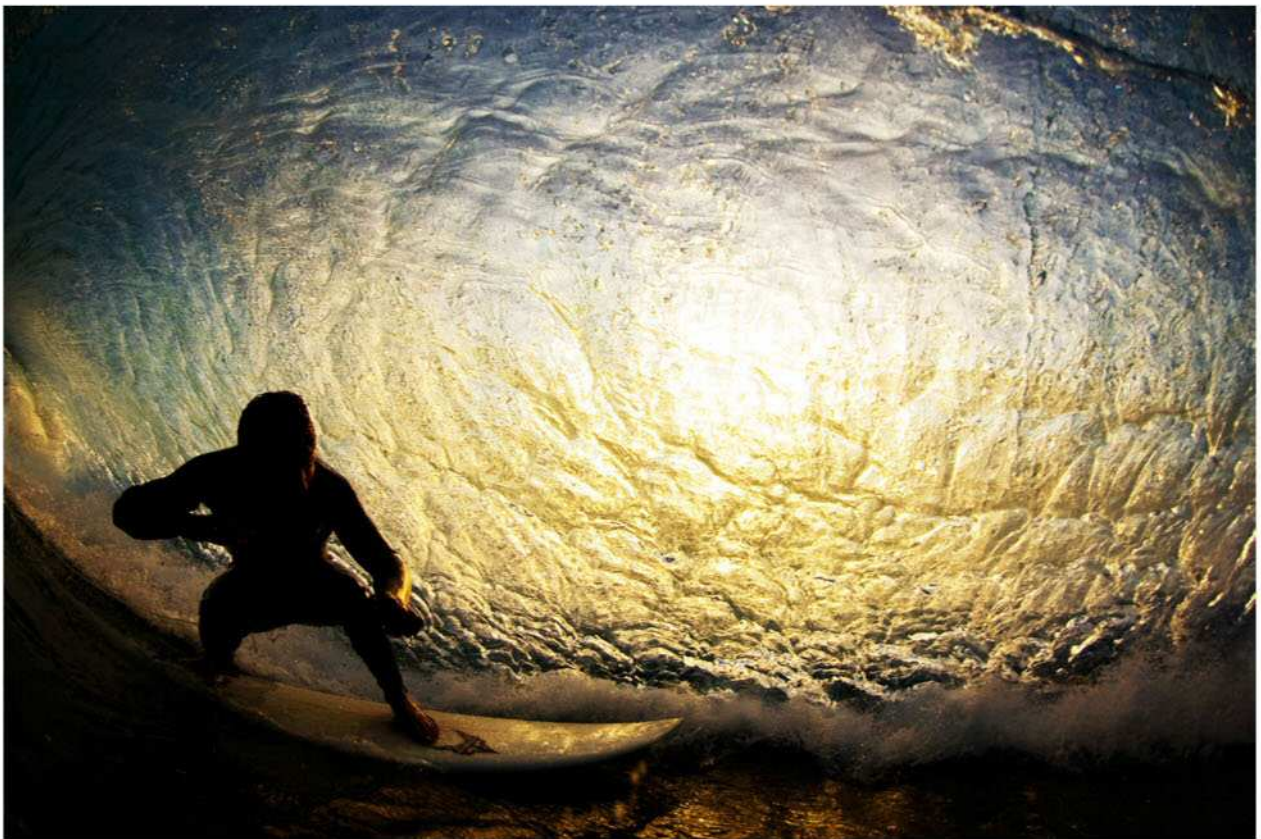
NATE SMITH IS ONE LUCKY FELLOW

Nate Smith is an Australian surf photographer who's spent his entire existence travelling the world and snapping the most talented people ever to ride waves. His work has been featured in almost every surfing magazine you can think of. It's dope. It has a beautiful, soulful quality to it – something you don't often see in a form of photography that is often either action, sports shots or cheesy close-ups of waves masquerading as art that you're likely to see for sale for a hundred bucks in a café somewhere. Needless to say, we're massively jealous of Nate's job...











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Photography: Jeffrey Chan,
www.jeffreychan.ca
Model: Jessica Buller,
Anita Norris Models





Jessica is a 21 year old from Ridgetown, Canada. I don't know anything about Ridgetown, so I'll just go and assume it's a large metropolis at the epicenter of the world of technology. Facebook is considering relocating to Ridgetown (it's not) because of the local government's, let's say, laissez faire approach to macroeconomics. The town survived the Global Financial Crisis by selling ad-space on all government-owned buildings to large corporations and kidnapping Alan Greenspan (maybe). Seeing as this issue is all about sex and money (apparently), we threw a few questions on the topic Jessica's way.

If you won the lottery, what would you buy?
I'd buy a house, a boat, and a business that suited me. I'd also give my parents and four siblings some of the money, and I'd travel to South Africa. After that I'd donate my time to charities.

What makes you feel sexy?
I feel sexiest when I'm just naturally me. No makeup or fancy hair.

Why do you think sex sells?
Let's just say I think feeling sexy gives you the confidence to be yourself (smiley face).



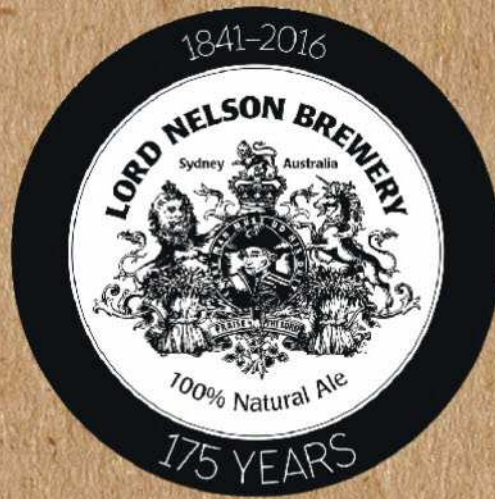












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FACT: FREE RANGE FARMS ARE FULL OF (CHICKEN) SHIT!

**WE TAGGED ALONG WITH ANIMAL
LIBERATION VICTORIA WHILE THEY RAIDED
A FREE RANGE CHICKEN FARM.
ELFY SCOTT REPORTS**

Over the past decade, Australians have begun to demand organic and ethically produced animal products in ever increasing numbers. Amidst growing concern for the way the food we shovel into our bodies is made – as well environmental factors – veganism has nudged its way into the mainstream. Vegans are no longer seen as dirty hippies – take a look at any decent inner-city cafe menu and you'll see any number of conscious consumer buzzwords: grass-fed, grain-fed, organic, bio-organic (whatever the hell that means), cruelty-free, preservative-free, free-range, farm fresh.

All nice, happy phrases that enable us to feel secure in our behaviour as consumers. The term "free range" certainly alleviates any guilt we might feel when we're wolfing down animal products. It conjures up images of chickens or cows bounding around carefree in sunny fields.

But even with the best of intentions, we are often misled. Behind the scenes, the ethical standards of free range farms rarely align with that sunny imagery.

We benefit from this ignorance, as does the agriculture industry. We can still fry our bacon and the farmers can still make a living: it's an ideal scenario, as long as

FREE RANGE FARMS

we continue to believe the animals we eat are healthy and treated with decency.

But if a man were to keep a pig in his back garden then end the animal's life via suffocation and sticking a knife through its throat, his neighbours would likely feel pretty iffy about living next door.

And yet people are perfectly content to eat the product of that exact process: billions of animals are killed in such a way every year. It's just nicer not to know.

This thought does not sit comfortably with Animal Liberation Victoria (ALV). They demand to know what goes on behind closed doors and they would like you to see it too. ALV are not an animal welfare organisation – they are an animal rights organisation: the group believes there is no moral justification for exploiting the life of another living creature.

Their ultimate aim is to see the world of animal agriculture stopped altogether. Compared to most animal welfare groups, that makes the ALV radicals.

The Australian farming lobby hates them. The Liberal Nationals hate them. Shit, even the RSPCA hates them.

The ALV believes that confronting people head-on with images of the animals they consume in their true conditions should be enough to ensure that nobody would ever want to touch their rack of ribs again. And they're not afraid to make enemies or score themselves lengthy criminal records in the process.

ALV's founder is an endearing woman in her mid-60s named Patty Mark who glows with all the warmth of a high school art teacher. Patty is widely credited as the developer of "open animal rescue", a method in which activists rescue animals undergoing significant pain and suffering from the farms they're kept in and attempt to nurse them back to health. At the same time the group documents the inhumane conditions in which the animals are kept.

ALV was established in 1978 and for the first 15 years of its existence the group behaved as any respectful mainstream animal welfare organisation would: handing out pamphlets, speaking at schools and conducting street marches. But in 1993 Patty received some disturbing reports on the conditions of a chicken farm near the border of NSW where hens were tightly jammed together in cages, drowning in their own faeces and being used as target practice by the farm's employees at lunch breaks.

Patty sent an ALV member undercover to be employed at the farm and confirm the claims. Then, accompanied by a media team from Derryn Hinch's primetime television show, Patty went on to record the abuse on camera and liberate some of the animals. The story went national, and open animal rescue was born.

ALV never settled for pamphlets again.

The group is now largely in the business of performing covert raids on properties to assess their conditions. The team agreed to let me tag along late on a Friday night. We would be investigating a so-called free-range egg farm that the group had been keeping an eye on for some time. I'm unable to name the farm due to an ever-so-slightly inconvenient issue of incriminating myself and the entire

team; what I can tell you is that it is owned by one of the biggest players in the Australian egg industry.

THE ALV HEADQUARTERS IS BASED IN MELBOURNE. IT'S a humble, slightly dilapidated house with a garden occupied by a variety of rescued farm animals and dogs.

A large plastic gravestone at the front door reads "In memory of the unknown animal: 64 billion land animals and one trillion water animals are slaughtered every year to feed seven billion human animals. Animals are not ours".

Inside, the house is absolutely packed with vegan products and literature, as if it were occupied by a group gearing up for a post-apocalyptic vegan lifestyle.

I was met by Patty, and Felicity – the group's media manager. Felicity was a quietly spoken woman who couldn't join us for the raid because she was on probation (naturally). Patty was the designated getaway driver for the evening ahead.

The team gradually arrived at the house over the course of the next hour. Xavier arrived first. He was a remarkably handsome British man in his late-20s with the immediately perceivable aura of being highly focused and having zero tolerance for bullshit. He was one of those characters who naturally draws respect... and I really

wanted him to like me (although I had to accept this wasn't a possibility as firstly, I was part of the media and secondly, I was wearing knee high Doc Marten's. Rookie error).

Soon after came Patty's son, Noah, a vegan powerlifting champion (that's not a joke). A photograph of Noah being escorted by a large SWAT team, clad only in boxers and a flag, sits behind Patty's desk on a shelf – he's clearly made his mum proud.

One blind, ancient mutt wandered around the offices. I watched as the poor disorientated dog pissed on their doormat – presumably

ethanising animals is not within the bounds of ALV's philosophy.

Belinda, an extremely kind woman of a totally indeterminant age, and Steph, a hyper-enthusiastic blonde in her mid-20s, arrived to complete the team.

I had to keep reminding myself that these gentle individuals were about to carry out an illegal, clandestine operation. Here were people the RSPCA has described as "terrorists" brewing soy lattes in their kitchen and handing out brownies.

With growing panic about the possible legal ramifications resulting from the scheduled operation (I was scared about getting the shit beaten out of me by truncheon-wielding cops), I asked Patty if ALV have had any significant brushes with the law.

She giggled, remarking that she'd been arrested more times than she could possibly count. She also had thousands of dollars worth of fines that she refused to pay on moral grounds.

It was surreal: here was this impossibly sweet, Illinois-born woman in her mid-60s informing me that there are currently warrants out for her arrest and imprisonment.

She is the civil disobedience grandma.

After a quick briefing we hit the road around 11pm. The property was a 45-minute drive from Melbourne and the team were taking no chances with being reported; at one point Steph noted a police

‘
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’





FREE RANGE FARMS

vehicle behind us – of course I almost had a heart attack – so Patty quickly turned into a side street to make sure we weren't being followed.

We arrived at the farm and silently exited the van. The strong stench of ammonia and chicken shit was immediately apparent. We followed Xavier's lead and scaled a two-metre high fence to gain access to the warehouse where the "free range" chickens were being kept. Xavier scrambled over the fence with military precision; I completed the task with all the grace of a retarded chimp.

Several hen corpses lay decomposing at our feet as we struggled into our biohazard gear – the suits are a legal precaution, but they also felt totally badass.

To gain entrance to the warehouse we had to scrape through a 30cm high chute, presumably designed to allow the hens access to a small slither of natural light. Judging by the dead bodies outside the shed and the several thousand chickens blundering around inside, it wasn't exactly an effective system.

The conditions once we entered the shed were absolutely appalling. The flooring consisted entirely of plastic lattice beneath which was an incomprehensibly large amount of chicken shit that had collected in a manure pit. I couldn't even begin to accurately estimate the number of hens that made up the seething mass spread across the warehouse floor. The darkness rendered the expanse of the shed seemingly infinite to my eyes. The ALV team quickly began searching for the sickest individuals amongst a sea of emaciated, balding hens.

Yes, these animals certainly weren't in cages. But to describe what I saw as "free range" is ridiculous.

Suddenly the shed lights flickered on and I experienced an overwhelming panic, believing that the police had arrived and we were definitely being rumbled. Xavier informed me that the lights are regulated on timers to trick the hens into unnatural laying cycles throughout the night. The animals are manipulated into producing as many eggs as physically possible.

The effect of this excessive laying was obvious – corpses spread around the shed floor had gaping holes where their vaginas should have been, as though they had been hollowed out by fists. I noted several prolapses in the live chickens pushing away from us.

I watched live chickens roosting on the corpses several times throughout the night. The fallen bodies provided relief from the discomfort of their feet on the plastic lattice.

While all of the hens showed significant feather loss, there were several who looked as though they had been plucked alive. The excessive balding occurs due to a mixture of calcium deficiency, stress and attempts to assert normal social hierarchies amidst the total chaos of life in the shed. It's always strange to see the skinny heads, slender stretch of bones and thickset legs that a chicken's body comprises of beneath all of those feathers.

We came across one hen collapsed on the floor that kept extending her stripped neck and gasping for breath; she reminded me of advanced emphysema patients. Xavier nestled the creature in his arms and visibly crumbled watching her. He kept repeating in his thick Lancashire accent: "God, this is horrible, this is just

so horrible". She was tenderly placed in a pillowcase and fittingly referred to as "Gaspy" for the rest of the evening.

Noah spotted several hens trapped in the manure pit beneath our feet, drowning in their own shit. The team swiftly dislodged some of the floor tiling to rescue the animals – although how the hens actually got down there in the first place was baffling.

My anxiety started spilling over with the mingled fear of being arrested, pure claustrophobia, and – yes – the paranoia that I was going to bring home a rare and chronic disease from the revolting conditions.

With a total of 11 hens, each bundled into their own pillowcase, we decided to leave the property. Stealing away into the darkness, clutching these cotton sacks with live chickens inside made me feel like a rather old-fashioned criminal. Steph kept reasserting the promise we had made to these chickens by removing them from that shed: they would be rehabilitated or they would die as free animals.

SEVERAL DAYS AFTER THE RAID THE GROUP EMAILED A report that detailed a vet's examination of these animals. Four had died. The others would be nursed back to health and rehomed.

I have read certain criticisms of the open animal rescue method that dwell on the pointlessness of liberating a handful of animals in the context of a vast global issue. What these critics fail to realise is that the ALV have an unconditional affection for every animal. Whether the amount of creatures they rescue even scrapes the surface of widespread animal cruelty does not matter to them – they're simply doing what they can for the individuals they find because they so strongly believe in the value of every life.

It's exactly the same reason they keep a blind, incontinent dog sloping around the office when the average person would have given that animal

the last car ride to the vet a long, long time ago.

Whilst researching the property we'd raided I came across an image on its website with chickens trotting around free on a patch of long grass accompanied by some cute kids and a golden retriever.

The imagery infuriated me. How dare they deceive their consumers so outrageously? I simply didn't understand how farms could peddle these bald-faced lies to people who desire to eat ethically-produced food. It was sickening.

The reality of the conditions we witnessed during the raid brought into focus an important question: "Is eating ethically produced animal products even achievable?" Aside from having your own farm and collecting your own eggs and slaughtering your own cows or sheep, it's impossible to ensure that the animals you're eating didn't suffer immeasurably for you.

Every person who eats meat and animal products must be forced to make a compromise. Simply put, large-scale animal agriculture will never be able to function ethically; mass farming continues to exploit both our ignorance and optimism. Consuming anything from steaks to free range eggs will always come with a burden of responsibility. These ethical compromises are your choice.

Meanwhile, my choice is to never touch another freaking egg again – you know, unless I have met and personally tickled the cheeks of the healthy chicken that produced it. ☺

**JUDGING BY THE DEAD
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NIC BEZZINA TURNS SCREENSHOTS OF CAM GIRLS INTO ART



The increasing digitisation of sex and intimacy has inspired photographer Nic Bezzina in his new exhibition, *Cam Girls*.

"I was interested in how... our intimate lives take place in a digital reality. Most people are exposed to sex and pornography through a digital medium [that] hints at intimacy, but when you get down to it, you're looking at pixels and you're sitting in front of a computer. It's as far away from intimate as you can get," Bezzina explains.

There are hundreds of thousands of cam-rooms on the internet, all promising a level of illusory intimacy with a girl who might be thousands of kilometres away, but what first caught Bezzina's eye was not the girls themselves but their rooms – after all, what's more intimate than being in another person's space?

"I stumbled across a couple of empty rooms, and I thought that was really interesting. So I scoured all these rooms for ones that were empty, and it developed into me asking the girls to actually step out of frame, because it was an interesting room, or there was beautiful light."

After taking numerous screenshots of the models' empty spaces, Bezzina began

to capture images of the girls themselves.

"I started directing the models, playing my role as a photographer, just using their webcams as my camera. I became a little bit addicted to the exploration, seeking out interesting subjects, rooms and light. I might have gone through hundreds of rooms before I'd find one that fit the criteria."

Cam-girling is one of the more interesting ways the internet has revolutionised sex and intimacy. Some of the more popular cam-girls make upwards of \$1 million a year, with thousands of people staring at them at any given moment.

"Some have five or ten thousand people in their room," Bezzina says.

The experience of viewing a cam girl is uniquely voyeuristic. Log onto any number of sites and you can almost immediately find yourself into the personal space of a girl you've never met before.

You can also find people willing to indulge in whatever fantasy you're after – for a price. This is the internet, after all, so you can get anything from vanilla strip-tease to scat-play.

All fertile ground for an artist interested in exploring the new boundaries of sex and intimacy. 







MY GIRLFRIEND GOT FAKE BOOBS, AND THEY'RE EXQUISITE

"I'm in an office in Sydney's Double Bay watching a slight, handsome, and very well-spoken Indian-Australian man draw black pen lines all over my girlfriend's naked body.

She's having a consultation for breast surgery and I'm trying to figure out which facial expression best conveys the message "she's here of her own accord! I haven't pressured her! I'm a feminist!"

Twelve months earlier and only 3 weeks into our relationship, my girlfriend told me she wanted to get fake boobs.

"What?" I asked, slightly appalled.

"Your body's fine! You don't need to do that. You're beautiful."

My mum had always been totally against plastic surgery and it was one of those parental lessons I'd never really challenged. Plastic surgery was like Tom Cruise – obviously popular enough to sell tickets, but really hard to find anyone who'd openly admit to liking him.

My girlfriend and I argued for a little and she thanked me for being so sweet. I felt like I'd done my job as a male feminist – giving self-esteem and confidence to this girl who'd obviously been warped and broken and twisted by the cruel patriarchy.

But then two things happened, both of which made me reconsider how much of a 'good guy' I actually was.

First, she gave me a blowjob and swallowed my come.

While she did that incredibly generous thing, I found myself thinking about her in a totally different way. Previously, she'd been a beautiful, sweet girl with whom I had intimate, loving sex and showered with cuddles and affection. Now it felt like she was a dirty slut who thought of her body as an object to be looked at and used by men.

This was a temporary mental shift that lasted as long as my erection, but it was a state of mind that really turned me on. Even more confusingly, I later found out that me thinking that way about her really turned her on.

The second thing that happened was that over the next few days, I started to think about the fact that when we'd had that conversation, I'd basically just told her that I knew best. What right did I have to do that? Because I was the man, it was my job to tell her that she didn't need plastic surgery? Isn't that just as bad as being the guy that pressures his girlfriend into getting fake boobs?

My girlfriend is not stupid, or weak-minded, or impulsive. She's literally the strongest, smartest and most logical person I've ever met.

But when she told me she'd been thinking about getting fake boobs for the last five years – that it was something that really excited her, that she'd thought it through in every possible permutation and had come to the decision that that was what she wanted to do with her body – I still thought it was my place, business and duty to tell her she was wrong. What a misogynistic jerk.

We had the argument a few more times and, although my mum's words kept coming out of my mouth, I kept getting that very confusing weird twin-pronged twinge of "I'm being a patriarchal shit-hole" and "god it turns me on that she wants it so much."

And then one day, when we were having sex, I inadvertently vomited up the sentence (or something like it), "God I want to see you with

big fake tits you dirty little slut oh god I want it so much, I just want to play with them and squish them and own them oh god you're such a dirty little bitch."

And she was all like "yeah baby I want to be your little slut do you want me to get big double D tits for you baby yeah baby?"

Yeah? I'll be your little slut baby"

From that day forth I was completely and utterly committed to being on the boob train with my girlfriend. So almost a year and thirteen thousand dollars later, I was driving the woman I love to a hospital at 6am on a Friday morning to be cut open and re-shaped.

And they're glorious.

They're like, really, really glorious.

Exquisite.

So what's more sexist? Treating a woman like a sex doll because it's what she wants, or forbidding her from changing her body because of what you've been raised to believe?

In the end what a woman wants to do with her own body is completely up to her, even if what she wants flies in the face of what most knee jerk feminists – including my former self – believe is the right thing to do.

Even if what she wants is to turn herself into the fuck-doll fantasy of a sick, filthy man who claims to be all about women's rights but is obviously as rotten and perverted as every other creep on the planet

Surfs up, cowabunga bros! 

**WHAT'S MORE SEXIST?
TREATING A WOMAN LIKE
A SEX DOLL BECAUSE IT'S
WHAT SHE WANTS, OR
FORBIDDING HER FROM
CHANGING HER BODY
WHEN IT'S HER CHOICE?**



SIX MINUTES IN LITUYA BAY

ALAN BELLOWS WRITES ABOUT THE LARGEST MEGATSUNAMI
IN RECORDED HISTORY (IT WAS 524 METRES HIGH).

In 1953, petroleum geologists were surveying Lituya Bay—a remote fjord on the southern coast of Alaska, USA—when they encountered evidence of a mysterious disaster. Mature forest surrounded the bay, but it ended abruptly several hundred metres from shore. Below that distinct line, the trees were all quite young. Evidently some unknown force had scoured away all vegetation about two decades earlier.

There was no evidence of fire. The destruction resembled tsunami damage, with trauma on the sea-facing side of some mature trees. But the line was much higher up than any known tsunami. It would remain a mystery until five years later, when the event occurred again, with even more destructive force.

Lituya Bay is a narrow, glacier-carved notch about 11 kilometres long by 3 kilometres wide. It is quite deep, and small Cenotaph Island lies near the centre. The mouth of the bay is only 490 metres wide due to a strip of land called “La Chaussee Spit” draped across most of the opening.

On July 9, 1958, three small fishing vessels dropped anchor

third fishing vessel at anchor that night, the Sunmore. They immediately pulled anchor and headed for the bay’s exit. The Swansons and the Ulrichs, awestruck, watched the towering wave approach. When it reached Cenotaph Island about three kilometres further inside the bay, the wave’s true magnitude became evident.

Ulrich put a life vest on his son and tried to raise Edrie’s anchor, but it was stuck. He unspooled all the anchor chain he had, started the engine, and shouted into his radiophone, “Mayday! Mayday! This is the Edrie in Lituya Bay. All hell has broken loose in here. I think we’ve had it. Goodbye.”

Just as the wave reached the Swansons’ boat, they watched the Sunmore founder and disappear. Their own vessel was tossed toward the rocks and trees of La Chaussee Spit. “It felt like we were in a tin can and somebody was shaking it,” Bill would later describe. The wave carried the Badger over the spit and dropped it in the open ocean, backside first. The couple deployed a small skiff, and abandoned the sinking ship in their

BECAUSE THIS TSUNAMI WAS AN ORDER OF MAGNITUDE BIGGER THAN OTHERS, A NEW TERM WAS COINED: MEGATSUNAMI

for the evening in the quiet bay. At about half past nine, the quiet was shattered by the squawks of thousands of gulls suddenly abandoning the cliffs of Cenotaph Island. Bill and Vivian Swanson watched from their troller Badger about three kilometres away, disturbed by the strange bird behaviour.

Howard Ulrich and his young son were asleep in the Edrie across the bay. Around 10:15 pm, the sun still shining in that northerly latitude, Ulrich woke when the deck began to seesaw violently. The nearby Fairweather Fault was slipping, and this was a big one: around magnitude 8. Lituya Bay shook for about two minutes.

A few moments of quiet followed, then a deafening crash. Mountains stood at the inland end of Lituya Bay, and the whole side of one mountain’s peak—82 million tonnes of rock—broke off and fell into the bay with the force of a meteor. This impact dislodged other rocks and chunks of adjacent glaciers, rapidly displacing millions of cubic metres of water. A fast-moving wave rushed outward toward the open ocean, ripping trees and soil from both sides of the bay.

Husband and wife Orville and Mickey Wagner were in the

underclothes.

Back in the bay, the Ulrichs’ anchor chain had snapped, and their vessel was carried up over the shore. The wave’s backwash dragged the Edrie back into the bay, upright and relatively undamaged amid thousands of bobbing, uprooted spruce and hemlock trees. Father and son were shaken, but not injured.

The Wagners, and their boat the Sunmore, were never seen again. Buildings and infrastructure were damaged, but the only other deaths attributed to the quake were 130 kilometres north, on Khantaak Island. Three people had been on a beach when it was dropped below sea level by the shifting plates.

At its peak, the tsunami in Lituya Bay reached as high as 524 metres. For reference, the tip of the spire of the 78-storey Q1 (the tallest building in Australia) is just 322.5 metres. Because this tsunami was an order of magnitude larger than typical tsunamis, a new term was coined to describe it: Megatsunami. The 1958 Lituya Bay megatsunami was the largest in recorded history, and though there had been some evidence of prior megatsunamis in Lituya Bay, the 1958 wave effectively erased all evidence of those that preceded it. 



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